

CAPE TRINITY.

We arrived at about half-past one at Cape Trinity, "whose shaggy brows frown across the zenith, and whose base the deep waves wash with a hoarse and hollow cadence; the sepulchral Bay of the Trinity, dark as the tide of Acheron, a sanctuary of solitude and silence, where the soul of the wilderness dwells embodied in voiceless rock; depths which, as the fable runs, no sounding line can fathom, and heights at whose dizzy verge the wheeling eagle seems a speck." Mr. Bouchette estimates the height of these cliffs at 1800 feet. At the base of Cape Trinity the rock has been the scene of some artist's (I hope) first attempts in painting. The figure of General O'Neill, which is more than the blackguard deserves, is here painted on the rock, but one great omission which the artist was guilty of was the leaving out of a rope round his neck. The Steamer "Magnet," Captain Simpson, and date 1871 are also daubed on the rock. As we passed beneath the cliff, a bucket of pebbles collected at Ha! Ha! Bay was placed upon the deck, and those passengers whose early training in the ignoble art had not been neglected, amused themselves by attempting to cast the stones on shore; but they were much chagrined to find that they generally fell short some twenty yards or more. Sweeping round into the Bay we had a good view of the whole rock, cleft as it were in three places, giving rise to the name Trinity. The Captain sounded the whistle and the passengers were much struck at the duration of the echo. Cape Eternity, which forms the other extremity of the Bay, is not so abrupt in its outline, yet it appears at its highest point to be higher than Cape Trinity. Years and years have rolled past yet these cliffs have not been as yet tamed by civilization, and still in grim repose they keep their watch over the rolling river that "glistens in their shadow and doubles in its sullen mirror, crag, precipice, and forest."

It must not be supposed that all on board saw these cliffs. No, they did not. Signs of dinner had caused a general rush for seats, and my late acquaintance and I had, like the others, though with a deep sense of shame, secured our seats in the most convenient part of the table. The boat being very crowded there were, as at breakfast, three tables, and the first had already been bespoken. But not all the grandeur of Trinity and Eternity could tempt those around the table to leave their chairs, but we adopted a little plan by which we not only secured our dinners at the first table, but also enjoyed the spectacle of the cliffs. My friend first went out on deck, while I remained within securing his chair by putting both my legs on it. While in this rather undignified position an American came along, and stopping in front of the chair looked at my feet for a moment, and then said "Guess you wear number eight boots?" "Yes" I said, "but fives are more comfortable." Seeing that I had no inclination to take my legs off he asked me if the chair was engaged, and after replying in the affirmative, he said he guessed he would drive on. My friend returned in a few moments, and after telling him how to keep the chair I went out on deck, but the beauties and grandeurs of the cliff were much marred by my continual dread at my friend proving too soft if a demand should be made upon my chair, so that after seeing all that was to be seen I made my way into the saloon again, and not a moment too soon, as I found my friend in hot dispute with one of the waiters who was trying to get the chair for a feeing passenger, but the little affair was settled by my taking possession and casting defiance at both waiter and passenger.

We arrived at Tadoussac about a quarter to three, took on a few passengers, and then crossed over to Rivière-du-Loup. Those who have travelled the Saguenay can scarcely have failed to have noticed the difference in the colour of the waters of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay. The former is blue while the latter is of a dark salmon colour. The change of colour is almost instantaneous the moment the mouth of the Saguenay is passed.

When we arrived at Rivière-du-Loup I got off the steamer in order to await the "Clyde," which was to take me once more up the Saguenay as far as Chicoutimi. After waiting an hour she arrived and I got on board, crossed on to Tadoussac and thence up the River to Chicoutimi where we arrived early next morning.

CHICOUTIMI—RETURN HOME.

I will not trouble the reader with any details of my trip on this steamer as it would only be a repetition of the other.

Chicoutimi is situated on the South bank of the Saguenay, about 75 miles from Tadoussac, and is at the head of the navigation of the river. The meaning of Chicoutimi is "deep water." It has 1,000 inhabitants, and is chiefly a lumbering place.

The Hudson Bay Company had a post here at one time, and would allow no one to settle in the neighbourhood in case they should traffic with the Indians. But Mr. Peter McLeod took a small piece of ground and opened the lumbering business with Mr. Price, building a mill, &c. To work the mill workmen were required, and they arrived and settled. The Company had some small scrimmages with the new comers, seeking to drive them off; but after a time matters were amicably arranged, it being agreed that the workmen should not carry on any trade with the Indians. Gradually since the first settlement in 1843 the place has increased in size and in importance. The land about Chicoutimi is not very good, but further up about Lake St. John, where the temperature is somewhat the same as that of Montreal, the land and crops are very fair.

It was Sunday morning when we arrived in Chicoutimi, and these natives who came to see the arrivals were dressed in their "Sunday go to meetings." They were a curious mixture. What arrested my attention, however, was the great number of those who were troubled with that unsightly disease known to the Swiss as Goitre; but popularly in England as Derbyshire neck, and technically bronchocele. Scattered among the crowd was the ubiquitous Indian, a tribe of whom live a mile or so down the river. I had intended staying over at Chicoutimi a few days, but as I understood that there was no hotel accommodation I determined to return.

We left Chicoutimi at seven o'clock, and arrived at Tadoussac at three, and Rivière-du-Loup at seven. Here I changed my quarters for the "Magnet," in which I found my old military friend. I was heartily glad to see him, as we had had no cabin passengers on the return trip of the "Clyde." He introduced me to a pretty English friend of his who made all sorts of enquiries about the country, the Indians, what they dressed like, and what the war-whoop sounded like, and

finally finished by asking me if I could not show her how it sounded. I had almost determined upon giving her a sample of it, but as I looked down I changed my mind, for I feared the effect it might have upon her excitable nerves. I had learnt the art when but a boy from a stolid Indian, to whom I used to give three halfpence a whoop—just to make my blood run cold and my frame shiver, as with parted fingers he sent his wild wailing cry through the dark forest. But if I had any intention of trying its effect, our arrival at Murray Bay dispensed with its necessity; and as the boat remained for some hours at the wharf, I took advantage of it and rushed on shore to try and find a few of my old friends. I was to a great degree disappointed. They had, with the exception of one or two, departed. I returned almost in disgust. The full moon was riding over the bay, throwing its sickly beams on its waters and the ridge of the mountains opposite.

We reached Quebec next morning about nine o'clock, passing the "Clyde" on the way, and here I bid adieu to those readers who may have followed me in my short and imperfect description of the lower route—

"To all and each a fair good-night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

TOURIST.

THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Condensed from *All the Year Round*.)

Over the entrance of the great reading room of the British Museum is appropriately placed the bust of the late Mr. Panizzi—the founder, as he may be called. The huge domed hall behind him, his work and monument, is one of the wonders of Europe, now reaching to a considerable number.

The entrance to this hall is beset with difficulties. At the gate of the museum, on a day when the reading room only is open, the policeman and warders challenge the visitor with a "Reader, sir?" Allowed to pass, he crosses the open space, ascends the steps, enters under the portico, and finds himself at the great hall, with more police and warders. Any signs of indecision, and he is sure to be challenged, "Reader?" If he crosses boldly, and makes for the glass door, where there is another janitor with a list, he is stopped once more, and made to show his passport, unless he have what is called at the theatres "a face admission." Down the long passage he goes, gives up great coat, stick, umbrella, parcels; passes through glass swinging doors, past other detectives, and finds himself in the monstrous cathedral dedicated to learning, and, as some say, also to idleness.

It would be hard to give an idea of the first *coup d'œil*; for there is literally nothing like it. It has the look nearly of a cathedral, with all the comfortable, furnished air of a "snug" library. Coloring for the sides is furnished by rows of the books themselves which run round the walls to a height of some forty or fifty feet, and are reached by two light galleries. In the centre of the room is a round counter, within which sit the officials, and which communicates with the library outside by a long avenue shut in by glass screens. Outside this counter is another, which holds the enormous catalogue, reaching to some hundred volumes; and from this second counter radiate the desks for the readers. Nothing more comfortable or convenient can be conceived. You have a choice in seats even: hard smooth mahogany or softly cushioned; both gliding smoothly on castors. In the upright back of the desk is a little recess for ink and pens, steel and quill; and on each side a leathern handle. One of these pulls out a reading desk, which comes well forward, and swings in any direction, or at any height: the other forms a ledge on which books can be piled up and be out of the way. A blotting pad, paper knife, and convenient pegs under the table for putting away hats, etc., complete the conveniences. There are over five hundred of these, each having a number and letter. There are, besides, a number of what might be called "research" tables—small, low, flat, and broad, which an antiquarian may have all to himself; and the lid of which lifting up, he finds a convenient repository, where he can store away all his papers, notes, and books until he returns the next day. Some of the more retired of the long benches are reserved "for ladies only;" but they do not seem very much to care for such seclusion.

Round the room, and with easy reach, is a sort of free library, where every one can help himself. This, as will be imagined, consists of books of general reference, and is very judiciously chosen. It comprises dictionaries of all languages, the best, newest; encyclopædias of every conceivable sort; long lists of the old magazines, like the "Gentleman's," "Annual Register," etc.; ambitious collections of universal science and knowledge, such as the "Pantheon Littéraire," and "Didoret's Encyclopædia" histories of towns and countries in profusion, and the best and most favorite text books in the respective classes of law, theology, etc. The only weak place is the class of English *belles lettres* and biography, which is ordered after a very random and arbitrary fashion, comprising such poor books as "Beattie's Life of Campbell," but not "Moore's Life of Sheridan," having "Twiss's Life of Eldon," and no life of Sterne, and being without Mrs. Oliphant's remarkable "Life of Irving." In fact, it would be hard to say on what principle the choice is made.

Having chosen a seat—and if you come late in the day you have to take a long, long walk seeking one—go to the catalogue for your book. And here we may pause to survey this wonderful catalogue, a library of folios in itself. Every volume is stoutly bound in solid blue calf, with his lower edges faced with zinc, to save wear and tear from the violent shoving in of the volumes to their places. On every page are pasted about a dozen neatly lithographed entries, and between the pages are guards, so as to allow fresh leaves to be put in, as the catalogue increases. As the guards are filled up, the volume is taken and rebound with fresh guards, so it becomes an illustration of the famous Cutler stocking, with this difference, that the stocking is gradually increasing in size. Nothing can be fuller than the arrangements for this catalogue, as it even refers you for a biographical notice of a well known man to some of those little meagre accounts prefixed to collections of their poems, and to biographical notices and reviews. It also, to a great extent, helps the student to the real names of those who have written under assumed ones. This is the new catalogue, but there is an old one partly in print and partly in manuscript, and both must be consulted if you wish to make your search exhaustive. Periodical publications make a department in themselves under the letter P, filling some twenty folio volumes, to which there is an index, also in many folio volumes. London has nearly one folio to itself, Great Britain and France each several.

Every entry is complete, title in full, date, place and publication, and a press mark, such as _____ which is to be copied

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on a little form containing the rules to be observed, with blanks for name of book, date, etc.

Having given in the ticket, the reader may return to his place, certain of having to wait at least half an hour, and he may amuse himself by watching the smooth running carts laden with volumes, which arrive every moment, and the attendants who are seen hurrying along through the glass screen, each with his pile of books, with their labels fluttering. Considering that some of these have to walk three quarters of a mile along passages and up steep stairs to fetch some remote book, and that often the forms are imperfectly filled, the delay is not surprising. A more intelligent, willing, and obliging class of men cannot be conceived, always ready to volunteer assistance, even outside their special duty. It is pleasant to see how they exert themselves for novices, or for certain old veterans, filling up their forms for them.

The readers are a very singular and motley class. And here it is that some reform is wanting. A great deal of the time and trouble of the staff is taken up with supplying the wants of young boys and girls, and general idlers, who come to read novels and poetry, and take up the places of others who have real business. It cannot be supposed that the nation meant to pay for books and attendants, merely to wait on this useless class. A reform in the way of classification would be useful, the putting these drones in a department of their own, and with one attendant only to wait on them all. Every book ought to be procured within ten minutes, and by a system of speaking rubes and small lifts, the matter could be much simplified. The Museum would run fewer risks from the abstraction of books, by limiting the number of readers. There are many traditions in the Museum of these robbers, some of whom were always suspected, but to whom the matter never could be brought home: while there was a "gentleman" who was not suspected, but was at last discovered. A Museum book is fortunately very unmarketable, it is so stamped all over; and if a volume had two hundred illustrations, every one would bear this mark. To all libraries come people with a mania for cutting out prints, and at this one, on a stand made purposely, are exhibited two maimed and defaced books, thirty or forty leaves torn out, with an inscription explaining how they were placed there as a warning, etc. This exhibition is a little undignified, and it seems quite purposeless. The evil doers would only chuckle at it, while the well conducted have no need of such reminders.

We learn that the proprietors of the Silver Islet mine in Lake Superior have been successful in finding upon the mainland opposite the island the same vein of ore which has proved so astonishingly rich in their present mine. It was discovered, as we are told, at a depth of sixty feet below the surface. From Silver Islet, ore to the value of \$800,000 has been taken in about ten months, and the vein seems to grow richer the deeper it is worked. There is no telling what stores of mineral wealth are laid up in the rocks and mountains around Lake Superior.

The population of seventeen of the largest towns in England, according to the census of 1871, is as follows:—London, 3,351,894; Liverpool, 493,346; Manchester, 355,665; Birmingham, 343,696; Leeds, 259,201; Sheffield, 239,947; Bristol, 182,524; Bradford, 145,827; Newcastle, 128,170; Salford, 124,805; Hull, 121,598; Portsmouth, 112,954; Sunderland, 98,335; Leicester, 95,084; Nottingham, 86,608; Norwich, 80,390; and Wolverhampton, 68,279—making a total of 6,188,223 against 5,298,421 in 1861 and 4,454,140 in 1851. The population in London in 1871 as given above, is 3,351,864 against 2,808,989 in 1861, and 2,362,236 in 1851. The aggregate population of the sixteen largest towns next to London is 2,936,429 in 1871, against 2,495,435 in 1861, and 2,091,904 in 1851.

One of the progressive industries of the time is the manufacture of articles of clothing and household use from paper. In China and Japan paper clothing has long been worn by the inhabitants, and so cheaply can it be produced that a serviceable paper coat costs only ten cents, while a whole suit of the same material is limited to twenty-five cents. Heretofore, paper has been worked up among civilized nations into collars, cuffs, frills and similar minor articles; but by a recent English invention, a really serviceable paper fabric has been prepared, from which table-cloths, napkins, handkerchiefs, pantaloons, curtains, shirts, petticoats, and other articles of dress, together with imitation blankets and bed furniture, lace and fringe, imitation leather, etc., can be made very cheaply. The substances used in preparing this fabric are both vegetable and animal, and comprise a mixture of wool, silk, flax, jute, hemp and cotton. Reduced to a fine pulp and bleached, and then felted by means of machinery, the material thus obtained produces a fabric of wonderful flexibility and strength, which can be sewed together, and with as strong a seam and as well as any cloth. The articles made from this mixture are said not only to be very serviceable, but to so resemble cloth, linen, or cotton as to defy the closest scrutiny.

A German in Iowa, last week, went for the first time into a saw-mill. Among other things that he saw was a small, circular motion fascinated him; he reached out his right index finger toward its ill-defined periphery (for the circumference of a saw in swift motion looks to be at the base of the teeth, and not at their points), when, to his surprise, the end of his finger disappeared in an instant, and rolled away to the other side of the saw. The man tied up his stump in his handkerchief; whereupon Mr. Andrews, noticing him, came up and inquired what was the matter. The victim of misplaced confidence replied: "Misther Andrews, I never comes to see your mills before. I seed dis ting going round so fast, I takes mein vinger to him, like dis, and—" In explaining his first mishap, the German touched the saw with his left forefinger, and that flew off. Turning to Andrews, in almost breathless astonishment, the man exclaimed: "Misther Andrews, I never comes to see your mills before; I seed him; I never comes again!" And wrapping that finger into his handkerchief, he started for a doctor's office.

A Georgia game of base-ball broke up in the eighth innings with one arm broken, one eye put out, one jaw dislocated, and eighteen fingers "shifted." The game will be finished as soon as the physicians think best.

A man in Portsmouth, N. H., named his two children Ebeneser and Flora, and always spoke of them as "Eb" and "Flo."