

tide was at the full flood so that there was nothing for it but to drift with the ebb backwards or tow the yacht into the anchorage ground about two miles east of the entrance to the Saguenay. All hands to the gig and make fast a tow rope. Two hours and a half hard pulling—half hourly reliefs—brought us to safe anchorage. Then a wash and a hearty luncheon, and after these refreshers we started for Tadoussac, putting on board the steamer "Union" one of our co-voyagers whom we were sorry to part with for he was such "a jolly good fellow, and so said all of us"; and should these rambling disjointed lines ever cross the optics of Captain Mountain, of the "Union," let him take this notice of his extreme courtesy as a hearty and unanimous vote of thanks from the "Orioles" for stopping his vessel when under way at the mouth of the Saguenay, thus enabling him to pursue his way to Toronto, whither especial business compelled him to be before the yacht could possibly have got to Quebec.

TADOUSSAC.

We were now fully in front of Tadoussac Bay, in shape like a deep crescent with lofty shores of rock on either side, and at its concave a beautiful sandy beach with a lofty shore studded with houses, right and left of the little Roman Catholic church—one of the oldest in Canada. Conspicuous among these houses are two—the new marine residence of His Excellency the Governor General, Lord Dufferin, and the hotel, under the able management of Mr. James Fennel, to whom we take this opportunity of tendering our hearty thanks for his attention to our wants while we remained at Tadoussac. At the hotel about 6 p. m., we all of us sat down to a good dinner washed down with some excellent Bass' bitter beer and claret which we most thoroughly enjoyed, the more so from our having had nothing for four days but salt pork and "hard-tack." After dinner we sauntered down to the Indian quarters and learnt from the squaws the mysteries of basket making in which they are great adepts; thence we walked across the tongue of land which separates the bay from the little harbour of L'Anse à l'Eau to secure staterooms in the steamer St. Lawrence for Ha! Ha! Bay, whence five of our party purposed going—four of them for the first time.

THE SAGUENAY.

It need hardly be said that the four were startled with the wild and picturesque scenery of this most remarkable river, with its almost fathomless depths, its bold granitic hills of stupendous grandeur culminating in those two famed promontories capes Eternity and Trinity standing out at the entrance of a small bay like two mighty portals, or sentinels to guard the banks of the river which falls into the bay, inhabited originally, perhaps by the Titans or the Gods; the place seems too awful for the residence of ordinary mortals. Language cannot describe the emotions of awe and wonder and almost fear which affect the beholder as he gazes upon this display of the Almighty Creator's power. One is reminded of a rhapsody of Samuel Taylor Coleridge when after gazing upon the view presented to him from the top of Wind-cliff, says:—"It seemed like Omnipotence! God methought had built him there a temple! Blest hour—a luxury to be." Beautiful, grand, majestic, and sublime as the river Saguenay is, some people are not affected by its granitic hills, towering like Alps upon Alps; some never experience their sense of littleness that made a person once exclaim when looking over the vast expanse of the Mediterranean from Mount Carmel, "I never before felt my utter insignificance. I am only like a tiny dew-drop in a bucket of water, then what must I be in the presence of such infinity." Some we say are not affected when gazing up at the triple peak of Cape Trinity, the highest of which is 1600 feet above the water level of the river and beetles over at as great an angle as the leaning tower of Pisa. The writer remembers a few years since pointing out Cape Trinity to a couple of couples of genuine "down-easters" whom he thinks must have been doing the "Honeysuckle Tour," as they lolled about the sofas of the cabin on board the steamer "Magnet" reading "Aurora Floyd" or "Romola" and the "Woman's Kingdom," and he never will forget the elder of the two spoony bridegrooms saying, as he strained his neck to look up at the summit of the Cape—"Wal! I guess stranger it's pritty tall." The writer collapsed and secretly vowed that he would never again disturb connubial bliss even if he saw Eve herself revisiting the glimpses of the moon, making night beautiful and causing all the stars of heaven to hide their diminished heads at her approach.

A SECOND FOG.

But to return to the "Oriole." Our Saguenay party crossed over to Rivière du Loup by the steamer, and those left at Tadoussac, after rambling through every nook and corner of it, started for the yacht which was still at anchor in the place we left her the previous day. The night was very foggy, and in the morning we found we had a barque for a companion anchored about half a quarter mile from us; the fog was then too thick off the land to start for Rivière du Loup, and again there was no wind and the tide was ebbing. What can we do? Visit the barque, suggested the pilot, "I think I know her by her rig, and if I am not mistaken it is a French barque that I piloted last year; if so you will find the "Capitaine" a very genial person." All right, pilot, launch the gig and let us go—we did, and found the predictions of the pilot verified. The name of the barque was the St. Louis, of Toulon, the Captain's name was Dion, and a finer specimen of a French sailor, perhaps, has not been seen on the St. Lawrence since Jacques Cartier landed at the mouth of the Saguenay. Welcome scarcely realizes the salutation. We were ushered into the cabin, the only ornament in it being a picture of the sainted King going barefooted to the cathedral of Notre Dame to implore the help of heaven on his mission to the last crusade he shared in. Out came from a private locker some fragrant Bordeaux and some choice Havanas, which we enjoyed; and by way of a parting glass a bottle of champagne was opened of as good a quality, perhaps, as was drunk by the courtiers of Louis XIV. at his nuptials with Maria Theresa. The Captain returned with us to the yacht and lunched and before the meal was finished a light breeze sprung up, the fog lifted a little, the anchor was again weighed and after a hasty adieu to the Captain the "Oriole" was, before he reached his ship, a mile on her way to Rivière du Loup, where we arrived about 7 p. m. Upon enquiry we found our Saguenay party at Cacouna. We telegraphed for advice—reply, Stop till tomorrow morning, when expect a party on board to luncheon.

CACOUNA.

Knowing that Cacouna is a favourite resort with young widows, the most interesting portion of the fair sex, if she does not happen to be *your own*, the party on board were left

in surmise whether the ladies who would form the morrow's party would be in delicate half mourning—lavender slightly trimmed with black, or black heavily trimmed with lavender. About noon arrived upon the wharf two omnibus loads, containing some of the prettiest girls ever seen in the lower St. Lawrence. There was not the weeds of mourning upon one of them, they were all decked in colours as bright as those to be seen on a summer's afternoon in the Champs Elysées at Paris. The gig was soon lowered and after about six trips to and fro all were on board the "Oriole," where they were most heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained. The cabin was never more joyous—it was a "felix hora"; our classical friend would have quoted from Catullus, and said—"Quis datur a divis felici optatus hora?" What indeed can the Gods give more than a happy hour spent in charming society unless they give a second, which in this instance they did—happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again. All our guests safe on shore, we one and all accompanied them to the hotel where we spent the evening, leaving early in the morning for the yacht which two days after arrived safely in Quebec, and thus ended one of the most pleasurable trips it had ever been the lot of the writer to make. Had any one of the readers of this rambling narrative been on board during the round trip from Quebec to Rivière du Loup via Gaspé, Anticosti, the Saguenay and back, they would have given three cheers for the "Oriole," three more for the pilot, Thomas Simard, and three times three for the Commodore, who, with his crew, may God bless.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE LORE OF THE CALENDAR.

AUGUST 24—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

St. Bartholomew, one of the twelve apostles, is said to have suffered martyrdom at Armenia by being flayed alive. A knife is his emblem, as may be seen on many of the old clog almanacs.

This day is also celebrated for the massacre of the Huguenots (1572), the black turpitude and wickedness of which has been a theme of reproach to the chief actors ever since. Again, the day was celebrated in 1662 by the expulsion of the clergy who would not accept the king's supremacy; many hundreds perished in prison, and many were hunted from house to house, from chapel to chapel, by informers whose only motive was to obtain a portion of the fines levied for infringement of numerous statutes. The murders of 1572 and the persecutions of 1662 may be traced to the same spirit—a want of toleration. History repeating herself, and showing that burning zeal and choleric temperaments always overpower the better judgments of men; they are the warts and wens that destroy the face of true religion, and of all those churchmen who are more resolute in the enforcement of uniformity in services and ceremonies than of the text, "These things I command you, that ye love one another."

Miscellaneous.

"Considerably Mixed."

A lawyer of Liverpool, England, is in a mental snarl by the facts of a divorce case which is in his hands. His client, a Swede, married an Englishwoman in Germany, and went to reside in England. The woman has recently absconded with a Russian, and is now living with him in Italy, while the husband is in an exceeding hurry for a divorce in order that he may marry a French lady and settle in America. The mixture of nations is crazing that solicitor.

Mount Sinai a Volcano.

Dr. Charles T. Beke publishes an elaborate treatise, in which he argues that Mount Sinai was a volcano, and places it on the east of the Ghor, or continuation of the valley of Jordan, and at the head of the Gulf of Akaba. Here, Dr. Beke holds, there is a volcanic region corresponding in position to that in which the Holy Mount is declared by Scripture to have been situated; and he further states that there are proofs of an eruption of this mount about the time of the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, the volcano of Mount Sinai not becoming extinct till the time of the prophet Elijah, about six centuries later.

Pen Daubs.

The strongest expression is generally the briefest and best. Take the old ballads of any people, and few adjectives will be found. The singer says, "He laughed; she wept." Perhaps the poet of a more advanced age might say, "He laughed in scorn; she turned away and shed tears of disappointment." But now-a-days the ambitious young writer must produce something like this: "A hard fiendish laugh, scornful and pitiless, forced its passage from his throat, through the lips that curled in mockery at her appeal; she covered her despairing face, and a gust and whirlwind of sorrowing agony burst forth in her irresistible tears."

"We're a' Camerons Here."

One stormy night last winter a poor weather-beaten traveller who had stood the pelting of the pitiless storm through the course of a severe winter day, arrived at a small town in the North Highlands, and being benumbed with cold, and almost frozen to the saddle, he made for the only house where he could see light, and called for assistance. Not finding himself attended to he roared out at the top of his voice, "Will no good Christian come and help me off my horse?" Awakened by the noise, a sturdy old Celt opened the door and asked if it was "Chisholm's he wanted." "No," said the impatient inspector of spigots, "I want some good Christian to help me off my horse." "Ah, sir," said Donald, "we don't know them peoples, we're a' Camerons here."

From London to New York in Seven Days.

The American Railroad Journal states that a plan has been submitted to the Canadian Government by which it is proposed to shorten the time of travel between London and New York to seven days and three hours. The purport of the plan is to push the railway system of this continent to St. John's, Newfoundland, from which place to Valencia Bay, Ireland, is only 1,600 miles, which it is contended could be made by ocean racers in 100 hours, and from thence to London in sixteen hours. On this side it is proposed to fill the gap by a branch from the main lines from New York to Montreal and Quebec to a point known as Shippegan, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Here passengers and mails would take a steamer to St. George's Harbour opposite, on the Gulf coast of Newfoundland, where cars would flash them across the 250 miles, whence the ocean steamers would immediately sail.

A Rival "Hub."

Boston will have to look to herself. A rival to her claim of being the centre of the Universe has arisen in the other hemisphere. In the *Court Journal* we read that a magnificent Sèvres vase which ornamented the bedroom of Nassr-ed-Din at the Palais Bourbon has been packed up to be sent off to Teheran. The beautiful object in question was executed by M.M. Poyard and de Caranza, and copied from antique Persian enamels. On it is an inscription of four lines, from the poet Feranzy, of which the following is a translation in French:—

"Plus grande que la mer profonde
A nos yeux est ta gloire, O roi;
L'Iran c'est le centre du monde;
Le centre de l'Iran, c'est toi."

Very fine phrensy, indeed, Monsieur Feranzy.

Authors' Contrasts.

The *Saturday Review* points out the contrasts between the public character and the private being of most authors thus: "The lively novelist is a taciturn, morose kind of person, ever ready to start topics of a grave and depressing nature. The poet whose songs are full of that delicious melancholy that makes them so divinely sad is a rubicund, rosy-gilled gentleman, brisk, middle-aged, comfortable, particular as to his wines, and prone to personal gossip and feeble humour. The lady novelist who sails very near the wind, and on whom the critics are severe by principle, is as quiet as a Quakeress in her conversation, and as demure as a nun in her bearing. The sour female essayist, who finds everything wrong and nothing in its place, has a face like the full moon, and looks as if she fed on cream and butter." It is conjectured that the lady who sat for the last etching was Miss Frances Power Cobbe.

A Spiritual Failure.

It is reported by a California paper that Mark Twain called on a writing medium, with Joe Goodman and Frank Mayo "to see what the confounded thing amounted to, anyway." Mark had a brother and a friend named Brown blown up by a steamboat explosion, and when the medium invited him to question the spirit of his dead brother, to respond through the medium, Mark asked him to detail the circumstances of Brown's death. Discovering that he had an audience of skeptics, the medium desired to avoid details, and when his hand had made the usual amount of quivering and waltzing, he interrupted the hieroglyphics to say: "I cannot recall the circumstances of Brown's death." "Well, Henry," said Mark, "in life we looked upon you as the flower of the flock, but I am sorry to say that death seems to have turned you into a supernatural idiot! Not recall the circumstances, and you were both blown up together!"

Inking Out Cholera.

Whether moderate doses of ink may be considered a specific for cholera morbus, or even for cholera, may demand longer trial before a satisfactory decision is reached; but the following incident is worthy the consideration of those who are subject to sudden attacks of illness and are uncertain what remedy to use. A short time ago a Louisville gentleman, who had retired to rest after a light supper of soft crabs and cucumbers, awoke in the night with certain pains which excited his fears of an attack of cholera. No time was to be lost in warding off the fell destroyer. He sprang from his spring mattress, and seizing a bottle of camphor, took a swallow, and then vigorously rubbed the afflicted portion of his person with the restorative, continuing the application after he had returned to bed. He experienced prompt relief, but, as his fright left him, it occurred to him that his camphor had lost its customary odour. Again he rose, and this time turned on the gas. A single glance at his night-shirt told the tale. Instead of camphor, he had used a bottle of superior writing fluid.

Ready Wit.

There is a good story told of H. J. Byron, the English dramatist, which serves to illustrate the readiness of his wit. He was invited on one occasion to the house of F. C. Burnand, also a playwright, to participate in some charades to be given for the entertainment of a large number of fashionable people. Byron was announced as third on the programme, but when the first performance was over it was discovered he had as yet made no preparation for his part of the show. Therefore Burnand went to him and said, "Come, Byron, hurry and arrange something; we will be ready for you in a few minutes." Byron started out of the room to "look something up." He proceeded to the nursery where he found a child's rocking-horse made of pine wood, or, as the English call it, *deal*. This he ordered to be taken down-stairs, and placed on the stage immediately behind the curtain, as the second piece was already over. When the curtain was rung up he was standing beside the horse in an attitude that would have done credit to a circus master. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, pointing to the horse, "this represents one of the islands in the Greek archipelago, *Del-os*." Then the curtain came down and the audience "convulsed." But this was not all, the curtain went up again, and Byron stepping forward said, "Ladies and gentlemen, another island in the Greek archipelago, *Sam-os*."

A Velocipede Ride for Life.

The inhabitants of the Boulevard Pereire, Paris, were witnesses, a day or two ago, of a chase of the most exciting character. A distinguished velocipede rider appears every day on this boulevard, and performs remarkable feats in that line of horsemanship. He had just bestridden his bicycle, when cries of "Out of the way! kill him; kill him!" resounded through the streets. The foot-passengers darted into the houses, closing the doors after them with a crash, and the velocipedist was left alone on the road, along which rushed an enormous dog, with staring coat, enflamed eyes, and jaws bathed in foam. The mastiff, which was evidently mad, perceiving the bicycle and its unlucky rider instantly bounded after it; and a cloud of dust soon concealed the details of the chase. The velocipedist whirled his machine round and round, taking as many turns as a hare, but the horrible brute followed him closely. At length, in despair, he darted forward at full speed, when suddenly a cry of alarm burst from the spectators at the windows. The bicycle had broken down and the rider had been thrown senseless to the ground, whilst the dog, gathering up his remaining strength, sprang towards him. But by this time the police had headed the animal, and one of them cut off its fore-paws with one stroke of the sword, just as the furious beast was about to throw himself upon his victim, who soon awoke from his swoon to find himself safe and sound.