

RIVER SAGUENAY.

stunted trees, spruces and maple, and birch, growing wherever they can find crevices to extract nourishment; and the bare roots of the oak, grasping the rock, have a resemblance to gigantic claws. The base of these cliffs lie far under water, to an unknown depth. For many miles from its mouth, no soundings have been obtained with 2000 feet of line, and for the entire distance of 60 miles, until you reach Ha-ha Bay, the largest ships can sail without obstruction from banks or shoals, and on reaching the extremity of the bay, can drop their anchor in 30 fathoms.

"The view up this river is singular in many respects; hour after hour, as you sail along, precipice after precipice unfolds itself to view, as in a moving panorama, and you sometimes forget the size and height of the objects you are contemplating, until reminded by seeing a ship of 1000 tons lying like a small pinnae under the towering cliff to which she is moored; for, even in these remote and desolate regions, industry is at work, and, although you cannot much discern it, saw-mills have been built on some of the tributary streams which fall into the Saguenay. But what strikes one most, is the absence of beach or strand; for except in a few places where mountain torrents, rushing through gloomy ravines, have washed down the detritus of the hills, and formed some alluvial land at the mouth, no coves, nor creeks, nor projecting rocks are seen in which a boat could find shelter, or any footing be obtained. The characteristic is a steep wall of rock, rising abruptly from the water—a dark and desolate region, where all is cold and gloomy; the mountains hidden with driving mist, the water black as ink, and cold as ice. No ducks nor sea-gulls sitting on the water, or screaming for their prey; no hawks nor eagles soaring overhead, although there is abundance of what might be called 'Eagle Cliffs'; no deer coming down to drink at the streams; no squirrels nor birds to be seen among the trees; no fly on the water, nor swallow skimming over the surface. It reminds you of

'That lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbled o'er.'

One living thing you may see, but it is a cold-blooded animal; you may see the cold seal, spreading himself upon his clammy rock, watching for his prey. And this is all you see for the first 20 miles, save the ancient settlement of Tadousac at the entrance, and the pretty cove of L'Ance a l'Eau, which is a fishing station.

"Now you reach Cape Eternité, Cape Trinité, and many other overhanging cliffs, remarkable for having such clean fractures, seldom equalled for boldness and effect, which create constant apprehensions of danger, even in a calm; but if you happen to be caught in a thunder-storm, the roar, and darkness, and flashes of lightning are perfectly appalling. At last you terminate your voyage at Ha-ha Bay, that is, smiling or laughing bay in the Indian language, for you are perfectly charmed and relieved to arrive at a beautiful spot where you have sloping banks, a pebbly shore, boats and wherries, and vessels riding at anchor, birds and animals, a village, a church, French Canadians and Scottish Highlanders, and in short, there is nothing can remind one more of a scene in Argyleshire.

"The day is now half spent; you have been ashore, looking through the village, examining into the nature of what appears a very thriving settlement; the inhabitants seem to be all French and Scotch, understanding each other's language, and living in perfect amity. You hear that Mr. Price, of Quebec, is the gentleman to whom all this improvement is due. That it is he who has opened up the Saguenay country, having erected many saw-mills, each the nucleus of a village, and that a trade in sawed lumber is carried on to the extent of 100 ship loads in the season. The river is navigable for ships as far as Chicoutimi, about 70 miles from its mouth. An extensive lumbering establishment is there, and the timber is collected in winter through all the neighbouring country, as far as Lake St. John, which is 60 miles further up, and is the grand source of the Saguenay.

"After having seen and heard all this, you get on board, weigh anchor, pass again down the river, reviewing the solemn scene, probably meeting neither vessel, boat nor canoe, through all the dreary way, and arrive at the mouth of the river in time to cross to River