

DIocese of QUEBEC.

VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC TO THE MISSIONS IN GASPÉ.

(Concluded from the last number.)

[In the concluding portion of this journey, of which the account is here given, no episcopal or other clerical ministrations were performed: it is simply an account of the return to Quebec: but the journey was marked by some singularities of which a description may help to draw the attention of the public to the improvements required upon the route and the claims of the section of country through which it lies.]

..... The travellers met again at *Mullen's*, 20 miles above Carleton, where they breakfasted, and then proceeded, 13 miles further, to Mr. Busted's at Ristigouche. The scenery, in ascending this part of the Bay, is often beautiful, particularly in passing through the valley, under the mountains, which is crossed by the River Nouvelle. Above this there are the traces still of military posts held by the French, before the conquest of Canada. There are two different spots, of very peaceful aspect, commanding the Bay, which retain the name of "the Battery," and in the neighborhood of one of these the remains of a French officer were dug up, with some of his military appendages. There was some detention at Mr. Busted's, in an endeavor on the part of Mr. Fraser (whose kindness and attention could not be surpassed) to procure conveyances from the neighborhood for the Kempt road or for part of it, and the time was passed with this respectable family, whose establishment and premises are characterised by a remarkable air of neatness and comfort. The prayer book of the Church was found in this house; and the family avail themselves of some occasional ministrations of Church clergymen which are brought within their reach on the New Brunswick side of the Bay, being nearly 100 miles distant from the nearest clergyman on the Canada side. A few of the Quarterly papers of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and other small publications were here left for circulation. The situation of the house is beautiful, at the head of the Bay, where it is entered by the River Ristigouche, issuing from the forest-clad mountains, which open out and form a kind of sequestered amphitheatre, while the level margin and the cleared slopes which form the base of the mountains, and over which the road is constructed, are crossed by an exquisitely translucent little river. At Mr. Busted's the Bishop and his companion took leave of their kind fellow-traveller, Mr. Fraser, —and proceeded (the Bishop being driven by Mr. Ferguson, a relative of the Busted family,) to the elevated residence, six miles distant, of an enterprising and thriving Scotch farmer of the name of Dickson, who has the contract for carrying the mail through the Kempt road, and with whom arrangements were now to be made for the means of prosecuting the journey. A light cart was here procured, in which Mr. Dickson drove the Bishop, and a saddle horse was provided for Mr. Mountain. The mountain scenery through which they passed is, in some places, of extraordinary beauty, the backward view, across the mouth of the Ristigouche into New Brunswick, displaying range behind range, to a great distance, of irregular and varied heights, and the windings of the road carrying the travellers, here and there, where they looked down into dips of a vast depth between mountain-sides which presented one unbroken mass of foliage. The highest point over which they actually passed is said to be 2100 feet above the level of the Bay.

The Kempt road, so called from its having been opened under the auspices of Sir James Kempt, then Governor of Canada, was formed more than twenty years ago, for the purpose of affording communication by land between the District of Gaspé and Quebec, and it connects the inhabited part of the former with Metis, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, distant about 90 miles from Ristigouche. No public money, however, having been since laid out upon it, it is advancing towards a condition which, according to the auguries of the few settlers upon certain parts of it, it may reach in two or three years, the condition of being absolutely impassable. Mr. Mountain, on horseback, rode in advance, and the party not having left Ristigouche before 5, P. M., the darkness had closed over them, in the solitary woods and along the mountainous defiles through which they passed, before they reached their destination for the night. This was an uninhabited log hut, 16 miles distant from Mr. Dickson's, upon the margin of the rapidly-flowing river Asmaquaggin, or, as others call it, *Apsetmaquaggan* (and both probably are imperfect pronunciations of the Indian name,) whose opposite bank consists of a stern, lofty and precipitous, or rather over-hanging, rock. Here they got in at half-past 9, P. M., and found the floor of the hut covered with an ample supply of loose straw, which formed their bed for the night, and which furnished also the means (the weather being damp and chilly) of stopping up the window, in which no panes were left. There was a chimney of rough stones in which Mr. Dickson, who was supplied with a tinder-box, made a fire,—the fragments of a rude cart found on the outside affording the principal materials, and the wheels, in particular, which were each of one solid piece, forming a choice article in the accumulated fuel. The horses, after having had a feed of oats, were turned out by the river side.

On Wednesday 31 July, the travellers set out in the morning twilight, having 20 miles to travel before reaching a house. The day was fine—but the horseman of the party was completely drenched from the hips downwards by the dew upon the branches and bushes, from the overgrown condition of the road. Between the badness of the road and the length and steepness of several ascents, it took the Bishop at least six hours to make the distance, upon wheels. Mr. Mountain had arrived a short time before. The place is called *the Forks* from the confluence of another considerable river with the Matapedia, and the clearing is occupied by a settler from New Brunswick, of the name of Noble, with his family, who receives such travellers as use the road, his house being so located as to afford a stopping-place for the night to those who leave Ristigouche in the morning. At this point the Bishop struck upon the route which he had taken twenty-six years before, when, having gone down by water to visit the Churches of the District of Gaspé, in his capacity of Archdeacon, he engaged two Indians at the Rom. Cath. Mission of Ristigouche, to take him through the woods, no road having been then opened; and, having first ascended the Matapedia River and Lake, with a couple of canoes, performed the rest of the journey to Metis on foot. Mr. Mountain's horse was here left behind, and the party proceeded in two light carts to Brochu's, at the head of the Lake just mentioned, a distance of 26 miles. About half-way on the road, there are some three or four houses, with small patches of cultivation. A great tract of country in different places along this road, has been desolated and disfigured, (as is often seen in the forests of N. America,) by the ravages of fire. In one instance the fire had swept everything down except the bare poles for the space of 30 miles in length by 9 in breadth. These configurations