

"To the pleasure seeker, or to the man of science, there can be nothing more refreshing and delightful, nothing affording more food for reflection or scientific observation, than a trip to that most wonderful of rivers, the Saguenay.

"On the way thither, the scenery on the lower St. Lawrence is extraordinarily picturesque; a broad expanse of water interspersed with rugged, solitary islets, highly cultivated islands, and island covered with trees to the water's edge, hemmed in by lofty and precipitous mountains on the one side, and by a continuous street of houses, relieved by a beautifully situated villages, the spire of whose tin-covered churches glitter in the sunshine, affords a prospect so enchanting, that were nothing else to be seen, the tourist would be well repaid; but when in addition to all this, the tourist suddenly passes from a landscape unsurpassed for beauty into a region of primitive grandeur, where art has done nothing and nature everything, when at a single bound, civilization is left behind, and nature stares him in the face, in naked majesty; when he sees Alps on Alps arise; when he floats over unfathomable depths, through a mountain gorge, the sublime entirely overwhelms the sense of sight, and fascinates imagination.

"The change produced upon the thinking part of man, in passing from the broad St. Lawrence into the seemingly narrow and awfully deep Saguenay, whose waters lave the sides of the towering mountain, which almost shut out the very of heaven, is such as no pen can paint or tongue describe.

"It is a river one should see if only to know what dreadful aspects nature can assume in her wild moods. Compared to it, the Dead Sea is blooming, and the wildest ravines look cosy and smiling; it is wild and grand apparently in spite of itself.

"On either side rise cliffs varying in perpendicular height from 1,200 to 1,900 feet, and this is the character of the river Saguenay from its mouth to its source.

"Ha-Ha-Bay, which is sixty miles from its mouth, affords the first landing and anchorage. The name of this Bay is said to arise from the circumstances of early navigators proceeding in sailing vessels up a river of this kind for sixty miles with eternal sameness of feature, stern and high rocks on which they could not land and no bottom for their anchors, at last broke out into laughing Ha-Ha, when they found landing and anchorage.

"This wonderful river seems one high mountain rent asunder, there can be little doubt, at some remote age, by some great convulsion of nature.

"The reader who goes to see it, and all ought to do so who can, for it is one of the great natural wonders of the continent, can add to the poetical filling up of the picture from his own imagination.

"This beautiful trip is easy and facile of accomplishment, as new and magnificent boats, rivaling in luxuriousness with any in our inland waters, run regularly to Ha-Ha Bay, on board of which the pleasure seeker will experience all that comfort and accommodation which is necessary to the full enjoyment of such a trip.

We do not think that any verbal description could do the scenery any justice, and shall not attempt it. Ha-Ha Bay is an old French village, and inhabited by a people who live in the primitive style of two centuries ago. They cannot speak English, and in fact have no education at all beyond what is gathered from the parish priests. As for newspapers, they know nothing of them, and we did not, therefore, call upon any Lodge members at that place. Having returned to Quebec, we stopped at the St. Louis Hotel and found comfortable quarters in this, the only "walled city" of America.

This antique city is worth the visit of the American tourist, for he will here feel that he is among a people a century old in customs generally. Any steps towards improvements in buildings or business in this place would be considered a sacrilegious innovation, and frowned upon accordingly. It was founded in 1608, and contains all the way from 30,000 to 20,000,000 of people, according to the person you ask. Out side of the small mercantile community the inhabitants are made up of peasantry, as innocent of any knowledge of their own city as they are of the world. The streets are narrow, and with but few exceptions, are one continual ascent or descent. The vehicles are necessarily light and the freight trucks would be a curiosity in any other country except the south of France. They consist of a long ladder on two high wheels, drawn by one small horse. When they back up to a curb to unload, the cart and horse reach across the street blocking up the way, and causing a large amount of French swearing among the drivers. The churches are old but well built, and some of them contain fine paintings, although many of them we were unable to appreciate as beauties, except that they were by distinguished masters, and the people said they were fine. As an example, they had a large and costly painting, representing the Virgin Mary, Elizabeth and several angels with wings, busy sewing clothes for the unborn