

Tragedy of Claude de la Tour.

CHAPTER XII.

Five hundred and seventy-nine miles in twenty-four hours by the Intercolonial road from Quebec to St. John, New Brunswick. The train, as usual on that line, was just late enough to enable me to miss the boat making three trips per week between St. John, Digby and Annapolis. Compelled am I to wait until night for the steamer from St. John to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. These delays are so frequent that gossip says there is an understanding between the railroad conductors and St. John hotel keepers, the latter having the reputation of charging exorbitant prices to travelers. My experience at the Royal Hotel will confirm the above statement.

Far away to the south the blue shores of Nova Scotia, separated here by the narrow but high chain of mountains, with a suspension bridge a hundred feet above the gorge, at the bottom of which the St. John River percipitates itself in a foaming cataract of elegance and strength. From this point can be witnessed one of nature's greatest wonders on the continent. The tide that rises as high as twenty-six feet in this vicinity engulfs itself in this gorge, repulses the current and permits for a few minutes vessels to mount above the cataract. In 1634 Baron La Tour, a Huguenot gentleman, built a fort on Point Carleton, opposite Navy Island, a few rods above the cataract, where he did a profitable business in pelts and trading with the Indians. This fort, now entirely demolished, witnessed one of the most tragical events in the annals of America. Leaving Paris with his son Charles Amador, then fourteen