

country behind them ; and finding that I could see nothing more of the interior, than I had seen at Rivier au Foin, I returned to our camp which was in a fishing hut, at the mouth of the River. The hills here are high and steep. The weather was cool to day. Thermometer, 40. 86. and 58 °.

Sunday, 2nd.—Embarked before day-light, to go up with the tide to Anse St. Jean, where we arrived at A. M. and ascended the River about half a league, when it becoming too shallow to proceed higher up in the canoe, we put on shore, and placing the canoe and baggage in security, we took our provisions and other necessaries to proceed on foot. We began our march at 8 A. M. along the River for a short distance, after which we ascended the hills following a Rivulet that runs into Riviere St. Jean. The ascent is not very long nor steep. At two P. M. we came to the banks of the Little Saguenay, which we followed for a short distance. Perceiving a high mountain to our right, we ascended it, and I had a view from its summit, of the country all around. There seemed to be some level spots in every direction, which appear to go in a zig-zag direction, downwards in the rear of the Saguenay. I espied two small lakes at some distance, and directed my course towards them. At 6 P. M. we reached the first of them, and encamped on its shore for the night. The country we have passed through from Anse St. Jean, at least the greatest part of it, might be made habitable. It is well stocked with all kinds of timber, except pine, of which there is none in the interior. Maple is rare, but ash, birch, cedar, aspen, fir, and all kinds of spruce grow plentifully. The soil is a stiff greyish clay, stony in many places. Swamps I saw none, excepting round this lake. Few wild berries were seen. Thermometer, 44. 88. and 79 °.

Monday, 3rd.—Early this morning, we proceeded in a southerly direction. At noon we reached the same little lake, where we took our breakfast on the 16th of July. I have now ascertained what I was desirous of, namely, the practicability of a road from Anse St. Jean to Malbay. It is a good winter road, but as for a summer road, the distance is too great, and the expenses would be too much. Before we arrived here, we crossed four little streams, which I think form the Little Saguenay River. The farther we got in the interior, the poorer the country looks. Since we left our encampment, we have seen no other wood than spruce and fir, with here and there a small birch. The soil is a light black sandy