

to "round" it, with the full expectation of then having your wishes gratified. But not so, the promontory reached, you seem as far off as ever, and see only another one ahead. The current becomes stronger too as you advance; and the exercise of stemming it, and the impatience to reach your destination united, tend to put you in a frame of mind the reverse of equanimity.

After paddling vigorously through a rippling current, we turned a provoking headland, and were informed by our guide that the Falls were at hand. Indeed, this information was superfluous, as the deep roar of the falling water was distinctly heard. The stream becoming very rapid, we landed soon after,—but still without a glimpse of the Shawinegan. Our guide pointed out a path up the steep bank, which leads to the Falls. This path is called a "portage," and is used by the "*voyageurs*" in conveying the canoes and their cargoes overland, in order to avoid the Falls. We found it steep enough, although we had only ourselves to carry; but the hardy Indians trudge over it with small barrels of pork on their backs, and make light of the weight of a large canoe.

After we had ascended the banks, we pursued this rugged path for some time—the roar of the waters becoming, every step, more distinct. In my intense anxiety, I had preceded my companions in order to have the first sight of the Falls; and, as I advanced nearer, the ground on which I stood shook and trembled beneath, and a strange feeling of awe and hesitation crept over me. At last, through the thick foliage of the trees, I saw a sheet of white spray directly before me. I felt that I was very close to the cataract; the roar had increased—and the earth seemed convulsed by an earthquake. I hastened on—emerged from the woods, and stood facing the Shawinegan Falls!

And what a sight was that which thus burst so suddenly upon me! I stood upon a huge pile of black rocks, and immediately before me, at the distance of a few hundred yards, the St. Maurice tumbled down a precipice of rugged rocks, in one broad sheet of foam, froth and spray.

The Shawinegan is unlike any other Falls I ever saw. The river, just at the rapids above takes a sharp turn before coming to the precipice; it there rolls over an inclined plane of rugged rocks, and, at the bottom, again takes a turn almost at right angles; so