

Tadousac
and
Its Indian Chapel

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Dean Harris

Je Me Souviens.

Tadousac
and
Its Indian Chapel

By DEAN HARRIS

Laurence of July 1927
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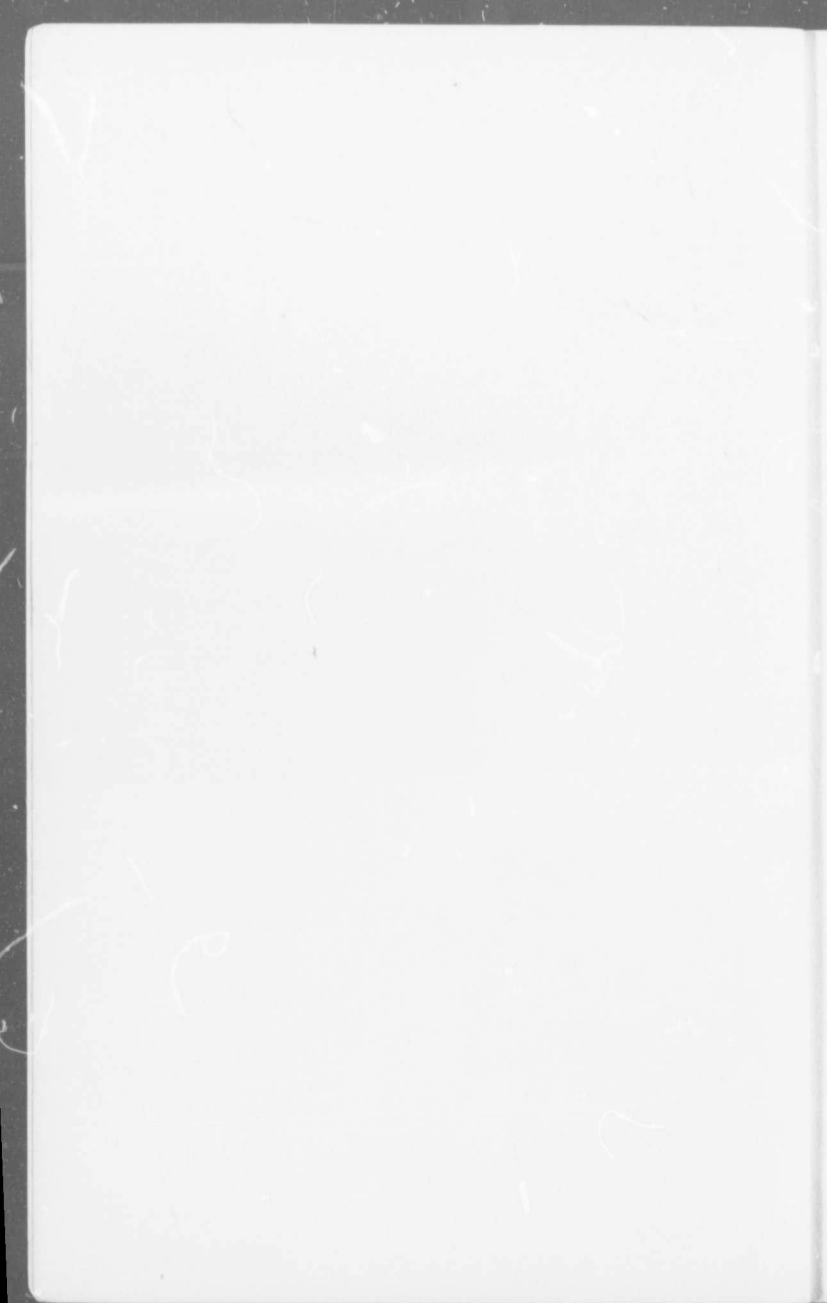
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L'ENVOI

TO

REVEREND GEORGE TREMBLAY,

Pastor of Tadoussac,

This Book is inscribed with the warmest assurance of
the deep personal regard and esteem of

THE AUTHOR.



THE VILLAGE

Hidden among firs and boulders on sloping land washed down from the primordial Laurentides, reposes the attractive village of Tadousac.* Perched on composite ground reaching back to a raised beach, formed after the glacia' age when an arm of the sea extended to the mountains, the village is walled round by rocks, sand dunes and granite hills covered with pine, spruce and balsam-fir. It is eternally washed and purified by the tides of the St. Lawrence and the waters of the sombre Saguenay.

It is a most inviting retreat, a sylvan resort whose soft witchery fascinates and whose early history compels your attention and respect.

This ancient and fascinating burg, housing a population of seven hundred souls, overlooks the Bay of Tadousac and stretches to the eastern shore of the Saguenay River near where the river flows into the St. Lawrence, between Pointe l'Îlet and Pointe Noire dit Pointe du Saguenay.

The earth on which the village rests was formed by sands left when the sea, or the St. Lawrence, receded, by washings from the mountains and by the vegetable decomposition of ancient forests.

*English writers spell Tadousac with one "s." French-Canadian authors invariably write Tadoussac, following the spelling of the word in early manuscripts and in some of the Jesuit Relations. In many of the letters of the early missionaries the word is written Tadousac, Tadoussac, Tadousack, etc. There is no uniformity among writers on the meaning of the word.

Tadousac has a number of handsome villas and is liberally patronized every summer by tourists and health-seekers.

Here, three hundred miles from the sea and one hundred and twenty from Quebec, the St. Lawrence is twenty-one miles wide. On a cloudless morning, under a clear sky, the mountains of the south shore are sharply outlined and loom large in a deep blue atmosphere.

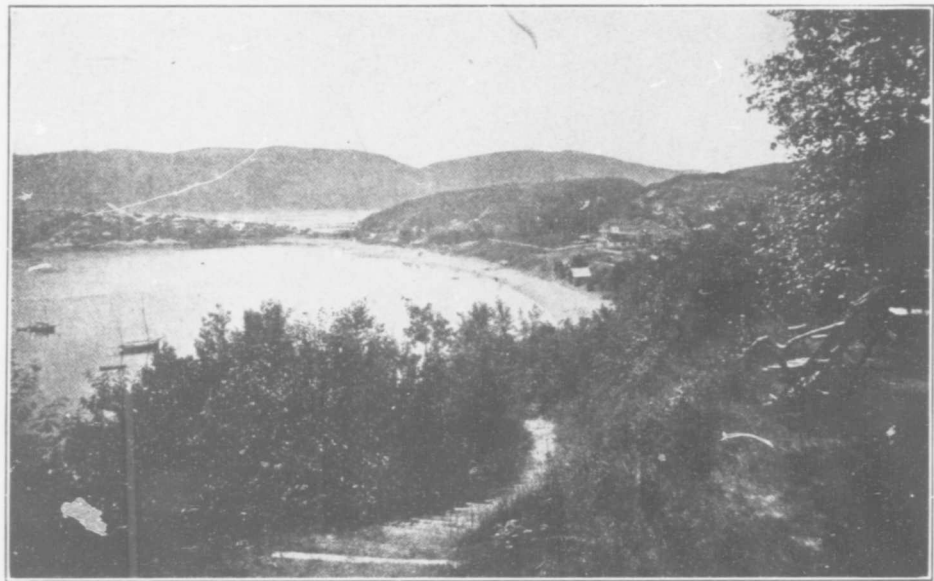
The white painted houses of Cacouna are distinctly visible, and, with a glass, one may distinguish at Riviere-du-Loup the Hospital of the Precious Blood and the church of St. Patrice whose roof of polished tin reflects the brightness of a glorious Canadian sun.

Bay of Tadousac

The Bay of Tadousac is famous in Canadian history, for here, in early days, floated the canoes of Iroquois and Huron warriors and of Algonquin fishermen, traders and hunters. To this bay, long before Champlain's time, Basque, Breton and Norman fishermen and adventurers fled for refuge when high winds and waves menaced their barks. Here too, the ships of Jacques Cartier and the galleons of Pontgrave, de Monts, Chauvin and Champlain rode at anchor.

The eastern oval of the bay is, from the water's edge to the summit of the land overlooking the St. Lawrence, wooded with fir, spruce, birch and pine. When the tide is at its full, gulls are soaring over the water, and grampusses, porpoises and an occasional young whale are seen sporting in the bay.

Champlain's description of the Bay of Tadousac, the mountains rising majestically around the entrance to the Saguenay, and the dark forest encompassing the weird place, would, without a change of word, fit the topographical conditions as they exist to-day.



BAY OF TADOUSAC.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF LAKE TADOUSAC.

The contour of the mountains, the flow and width of the sombre river, the sand dunes and receding forests have not altered since, on that memorable morning of May 24th, 1603, the daring explorer anchored his ship, *La Bonne-Renommée*, in the Bay of Tadousac.

Fortunately, Champlain's history of his voyage is our inheritance and, among experiences of absorbing interest, are recorded the events and stirring incidents so intimately associated with the Bay of Tadousac from 1603 to 1631.

Properties of the Air

The clarity and purity of the air of Tadousac symbolize the purity and primitive simplicity of a people distinguished for their courtesy and affability. "There is not," writes Edmond Roy, "a more hospitable, affable or courteous people than are the people of Tadousac. They lead an honest life and are contented with little." It is a place where the laws of life are holy, a place where the richest are poor and the poorest live in abundance.

The breezes wafted inwards from the St. Lawrence are charged with the tonic and exhilarating properties of the salten sea and bear with them a suspicion of iodine. When the winds come down from the mountains they carry with them the perfume of wild flowers, the odors of pine, spruce and balsam, and pure ozone from the Laurentides whose crests are often hidden in clouds and mists.

To Tadousac came from France and Quebec the merchant and fur trader to meet at the annual fair the Montagnais, the Papinchois, the Esquimaux and wild hunters from undiscovered lands.

In the dawning morning and when night shrouds the village in darkness, Tadousac is even to-day, in harmony with its early history, a place of silence and

mystery. Silence and mystery! These are the symbolic attributes which belong to Tadousac above all other places in our great Dominion, for it is filled with the traditions of the long ago, with memories of great men and great events and its life is largely of the romantic and historic past.

Here, and around here, the geologist, the botanist, the mineralogist, the student of early Canadian history, and those in search of pure air and clear skies, will find much to interest and delight them.

Witchery of the Place

I well remember the pleasant morning I entered the primitive but fascinating village park, when, from its southern rim I began to get command of a prospect which embraced a panorama of ravishing beauty and of primitive and rugged grandeur.

The majestic St. Lawrence slowly moving to the sea, the dunnish, purple-grey clouds drifting above the mysterious Saguenay, the opalescent bay in calm, the clean park feathered with spruce, birch and fir, the everlasting and awe-inspiring mountains towering to imperial heights in the west, and the spruce forest stretching endlessly to the north, made up a colossal scene of wondrous beauty.

From where I stood I gazed upon a magnificent landscape unfolding itself, a fascinating and alluring panorama of rivers, mountains, islands and forests and, on all sides, the prospect embraced variety, natural beauty and sublimity.

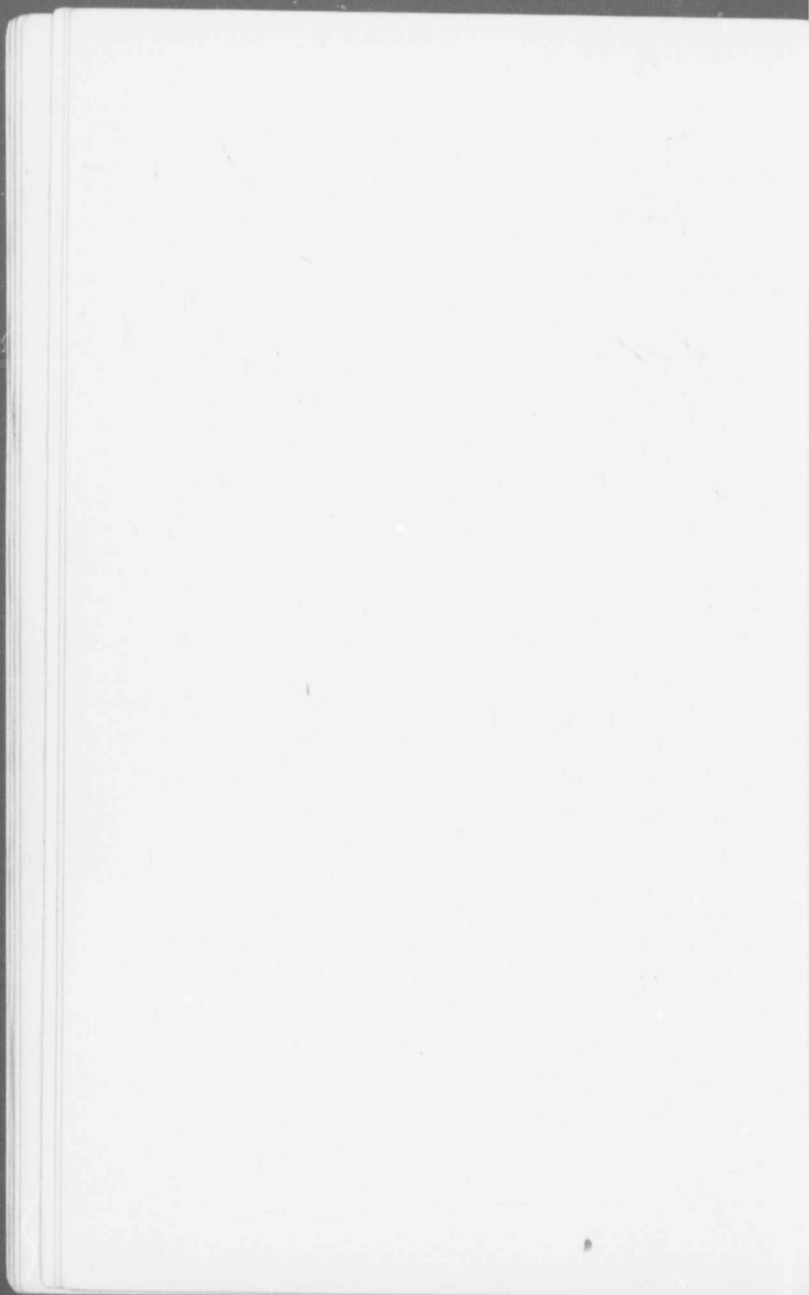
Before me rolled the St. Lawrence—**Le Grand Fleuve**—sown with fir-covered islands and among them, away to the west, beyond the range of my binocular, **Isle aux Coudres** where, on September 7, 1535, Jacques Cartier with his sailors landed to clean and repair his ship, La Grande Hermine, on which,



MORNING ON LAKE TADOUSAC.

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on the fourteenth day of September, 1535, the Holy Sacrifice was offered up—the first Mass ever said in Canada.*

To my right, buttressed by granite walls of primordial rock, flowed the dark-brown waters of the ancient Saguenay bearing to the St. Lawrence contributions surrendered by far away northern lakes, rivers and streams. The early morning mists which always float as a bridal veil above the river were now rising heavenward like a cloud and vanishing into immeasurable space.

Northward stretches the rock—pine, fir and spruce lands and, between forest and river, hidden like a plover's nest amid loose rocks, reposes the ancient village through which a virgin rivulet—**Le Ruisseau Tadoussac**—is forever purling.

From my position on the edge of a granite platform I looked down upon the residence of the Parish Priest, half hidden in birch trees, the summer hotel, the comfortable homes of the friendly people, the school and the Parish Church of the Holy Cross on whose consecrated altar the "Clean Oblation" is daily offered.

Standing in isolation and overlooking the Bay of Tadousac is the ancient and unpretentious Algonquin Chapel, so tenderly apostrophised by Octave Cremazie, under the magic of whose pen "common things took on beauty like a dress and all the land was an enchanted place."

This venerable little church is filled to repletion with memories of the times when dark-robed priests

*"On the thirteenth day of this month, we went on board our ships to renew our voyage, for the weather was good and Sunday was coming for us to assist at Mass."—Bref Recit de la Navigation faite en 1535-36, par le Capitaine Jacques Cartier, Paris, 1863.

and fur-clad hunters from Peribonka exchanged friendly greetings beside its sacred walls.

Everywhere around me rise the everlasting granites robed in northern garments—in spruce, fir, birch and pine—and only a mile to the north is the Baude Valley with cultivated farms and green fields and sloping hill-sides where cattle are feeding and sheep are browsing.

Seated on a rock hoary with age, my memory carried me back to the days of old, when traders and savages, Franciscan and Jesuit priests, mingled here indiscriminately together and began the first chapter of our history. The air I breathed was fragrant with the odor of pine, of balsam-fir, juniper and spruce. The repose and isolation of my retreat, the sensual softness of the lambent air and the calm of the hour filled the park with a dreamy drowsiness of pleasant languor. It was a veritable *siesta* of nature on a ravishing summer's day. The delightful repose of the woods was like unto the peace of the Lord and, while the breezes wafting in from the St. Lawrence encompassed me, there visited me the shades of the dead and a vision of the scenes enacted here in the long ago.

Romance, Legend, and History

Tadousac is buried in romance, legend, and history. It was in early times a place of massacre, of bold and adventurous deeds, the scene of heroic acts and of the self-sacrifice and self-effacement of early Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries.

Nearly four centuries have passed since Jacques Cartier first anchored in its bay and more than three hundred years are gone since Champlain, the founder of a Nation, first explored its shores. It was the oldest trading post in Canada and was a mart for furs long before the Hudson Bay Company had a name.

To Tadousac came, in those unremembered days, the **brayed** Montagnais, Papinichois and Bersiamites, with their squaws, babies and wolfish dogs, carrying their furs and pelts in bundles and packages. They canoed the "**River of Death**" and skirted the northern shores of the St. Lawrence; they came by path and trail, over mountains, rivers and swails and, when they entered Tadousac, raised their tents and wigwams and opened **la traite**—the trade.

They gathered here from untamed and uncharted regions, from lands where the mighty hunters of old—those spectral heroes of the Nebulunglied—would have revelled; from dark and mysterious forests whose weird silence was like unto that of the gloomy depths of which Dequincey dreamt and the Minnssingers sang.

On the sloping sward, on shelving granite, by the openings of their lodges, they spread out priceless furs—furs of the black squirrel, the silver fox and lynx, and of the otter, mink, fisher, marten and beaver.

They also brought down, by canoes and packs, pelts of the bear, caribou and moose which they traded for knives, iron hatchets and arrow tips, for tobacco, swords, kettles, biscuits, raisins, cloth and porcelain beads.

Then, after weeks of haggling and bargaining and bartering, and when the market was sold out, those Algonquin wild men and women—Bersiamites, Montagnais, Porc-Epics, Kenogami and Papinichois, returned to the Labrador coast, to Chicoutimi, Peribonka and the Maskoubiti forests. And, once again, loneliness and abandonment possessed the deserted place and from Tadousac to Chicoutimi—for seventy miles—there was but a desolation of wilderness through whose mountainous body of imperishable granite the sullen Saguenay rolled its gloomy waters.

Tadousac was famous in early times and its name was known in Europe before Champlain founded Quebec or Maisonneuve entered Hochelaga.

There is a tradition, handed down from Algonquin sire to son, that here the Mamelons, long before the coming of the white man, fought their last battle and went down to defeat, to death and tribal annihilation.

A Retrospect

On September 1, 1535, Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, anchored in the Bay of Tadousac. In his *Bref-Recit*, or brief narrative of his voyage, he tells us that he was very much surprised to see, sporting at the mouth of the Saguenay a shoal of **white whales**, "a kind of fish," he declares, "which no man had ever heard of." These **white whales**, called **beluga**, may be seen to-day playing around the entrance of the river. In another part of his recital Cartier writes that off Tadousac he "met with four boats, full of wild men, who, so far as we could perceive, very cautiously came towards us, so that some of them went back again, and the others came so near to us that they might hear and understand one of **our** wild men, upon whose word they came to us."*

To Tadousac came, in 1600, Pierre de Chauvin, of Honfleur, who, with Francois Pontgrave, had obtained from the King of France a monopoly of the fur trade in New France on condition that every year, for ten years, they would settle fifty colonists on the land. With them, as Chauvin's guest, was the Sieur de Monts, who came out to see the country.

*"Our wild men" were Indians whom Cartier prevailed upon to accompany him to France when he was returning from Gaspe in 1534, and who came back with him on his second voyage.

Here, at Tadousac, they built a couple of huts and left sixteen men, ostensibly as settlers but actually fur dealers. This was the first trading post and these the first buildings constructed by white men in Canada. Of these sixteen men some perished from cold and hunger, others deserted and married Montagnais squaws, while eight stayed at the post waiting for the return of the ship which came in 1601.

To Tadousac came Samuel Champlain, explorer, colonizer, and Governor of New France. His ship, *La Bonne-Renommée*, anchored in the Bay of Tadousac, May 24, 1603. From here he sailed up the Saguenay for seventy-five miles to the rapids beyond Chicoutimi.

From here he crossed over to the peninsula of St. Catherine and, near where the Parish Church now stands, entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Ottawa-Algonquins, the Montagnais of the Saguenay, and Etchmins of New Brunswick, who were parading a hundred reeking scalps torn from the heads of Mohawk and Seneca warriors.

By this visit and by this alliance Champlain unwittingly invoked the vengeance of the Iroquois on himself and the French.

Tadousac, in the sixteenth century, was not only the headquarters for the fur trade and the centre for the missions of the Saguenay and Lake St. John territories, but also a port where the French ships to and from Quebec called and from which departed the undaunted missionary fathers for the tribes hunting in northern and north-eastern forests.

To Tadousac came, in 1639, the saintly Madame de la Peltrie, accompanied by five nuns, to open at Quebec the first Ursuline convent in the New World.

To Tadousac came also, in the summer of 1629, the ship of Thomas Kertk to join the squadron of his

brother, Admiral David Kertk, who lay at anchor in the bay waiting for a report of the capitulation of Quebec. When Champlain accepted the terms of capitulation, submitted by Louis and Thomas Kertk, he stipulated that he, the Recollet and the Jesuit priests, and the few soldiers and people then starving in the town, would be carried back to France.

Champlain with Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant sailed with Thomas Kertk and arrived at Tadousac July 25th. Here the Admiral waited for the ships of his brother Louis to join his squadron.

One afternoon Thomas Kertk entered into a conversation with the two Jesuits. "Gentlemen," he charged, "your business in this country is to enjoy what belonged to M. de Caen, whom you dispossessed of his property."

"Pardon me, Sir," interposed Father Brebeuf, "we came purely for the glory of God, and to expose ourselves to all dangers and perils for the conversion of the savages of this country."

Listening to the conversation was Captain Jacques Michel, a French Calvinist who held command under Kertk. Shaking his finger in the face of Brebeuf, Michel shouted:

"Aye, aye—convert the savages! Rather to convert the beavers!"

The priest turned upon him and said:

"That is false."

Michel raised his hand to strike the priest, but catching the eye of Kertk he withheld the blow and said:

"But for the respect I owe the General, I would strike you for giving me the lie."

Brebeuf was a man of great frame and strength, was naturally brave and instinctively quick to resent an insult, but he had so long trained himself in the

practice of Christian discipline that nothing seemed to disturb the unalterable peace of his great soul.

"Pardon me," he answered Michel, "I did not intend to give you the lie. I should be very sorry to do so. The words I used are the terms we use in the schools when a doubtful question is proposed, and they carry no offence. I ask you to pardon me and to believe that I did not use the words with any intention of offending you."

Still Michel was not placated, but continued to rave and curse till Champlain intervened: "**Bon Dieu!** but you swear well for a Reformer!"

"I know it," spoke back Captain Michel, "and that I may be hung if I don't give that Jesuit a few cuffs before to-morrow night."

That night he drank heavily with some of his companions and fell into a stupor or lethargy from which he never awoke.

His funeral was conducted with the military honors to which his rank and faithful service entitled him. When the last post was sounded and the report of the parting salute died away over the dark waters of the gloomy Saguenay, Michel was laid to rest among the rocks and pines of Tadousac.

Three years after Michel's burial a remarkable man and a great priest, Father Paul Le Jeune, stopped at Tadousac where he was shown the grave of Michel. But the body was not there:

"The savages told me," he writes, "that some of them dug up the body, cut it in pieces and fed the pieces to their dogs."

"It is not well for a man," Le Jeune adds, "to blaspheme against God, nor ridicule his Saints, nor to conspire against his King, nor to be a traitor to his country."*

*Relation, 1634, par le P. Paul Le Jeune, *Voyages de la Nouvelle-France*, Champlain. III. vol., ch. VI., p. 255.

Coming of the Missionaries

To Tadousac came, in these early days, Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries to instruct the Montagnais when the tribes from the north and north-east annually descended to barter their furs with French traders; and from here departed for regions of eternal solitude, to preach to the Nomadic bands of Algonquins, these heroic and saintly men whose names are beads of gold worthy to be filed on the rosary of fame.

The first missionaries to visit the Indian tribes of Canada and instruct them in the doctrines of Christianity were the Franciscans, popularly known as Recollets. When the Franciscan friar, Jean Dolbeau, sailed, December 3, 1615, from Quebec for Tadousac he offered up, probably, the first Mass said in Tadousac early in that month, near the mouth of the Saguenay. He was the first missionary to penetrate the forests of the Montagnais, the Papinchois, the Bersiamites and the sub-tribes hunting along the northern lands of the St. Lawrence.

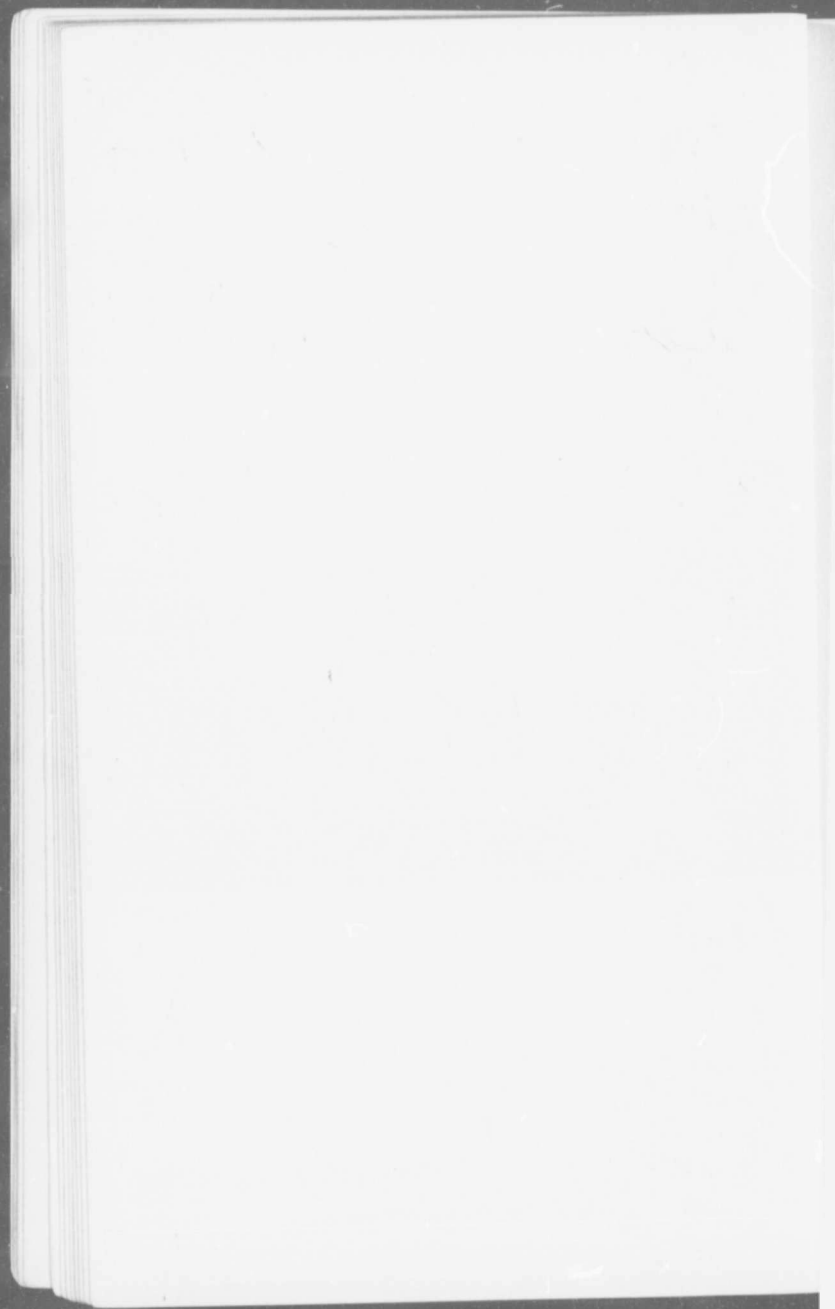
When among them, he lived their lives in the woods, accompanied them in their hunts and suffered severely from hunger, cold and fatigue. After a winter of great privations he was threatened with blindness and compelled to return to Quebec.

He was succeeded, in 1617, by Father Joseph Le Caron, the Apostle of the Hurons, who, at Tadousac, built the first bark Chapel and opened the first school in Canada for the instruction of Indians.*

*"I taught the alphabet to a few of them who soon began to read and write fairly well. Monsieur Houel (at Quebec) will show you a specimen of their writing which I sent to him. Thus you will notice how I pass my spare time by opening a school in our house at Tadousac, in order to attract the savages, to encourage them to be sociable and to accustom them to our way of living."—Letter of the



ROAD IN TADOUSAC.



The Jesuits

"They set the whole world an example of missionary enthusiasm and a steadfastness of persevering faith in the face of persecution and suffering which, while the world stands, will encircle with a halo of glory the memory of the Jesuit missionaries two hundred and fifty years ago."—From the sermon of the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered in the Anglican Cathedral, Quebec.

From Tadousac went out the great Jesuit missionaries and daring explorers; Jean Dequen, the discoverer of Lakes Kenogami and St. John; Gabriel Druillettes and Claude Dablon who, entering—first of white men—the Chamouchouan River, broke the trail to Lakes Mistassini and Nekouba; Charles Albanel who penetrated the wilderness, crossed the "Divide" and opened the way from the St. Lawrence to Hudson Bay; Pierre Laure who, with marvelous accuracy of topographical detail, charted and mapped, in 1731, the regions between the St. Lawrence River and the Lakes Mistassini and Nimiskau; Francois de Crepieul who, in the autumn of 1671, left Tadousac and for six months of winter tramped, fed and slept with savages that he might learn to fluently speak the language of the Montagnais and win the tribes for Christianity.

He renounced the prospects of a brilliant career in France and for thirty years shared the revolting companionship of Montagnais hordes that he might lift them to a plane of decency and morality. He went with them to their hunting grounds, snow-shoed with them in regions hardly now explored, sleeping in their foul and smoky tents, in the woods and on the snow and sharing, with the heroism of an early martyr, the starvation and hardships of a Montagnais winter life. When, worn down with years of exposure

missionary to the Father Provincial at Quebec, inserted in Leclercq's "Etablissement de la Foy."

and suffering, he returned to Quebec he could not find sleep in the bed of civilized man.

Conspicuous among these wonderful priests were Pere Bailloquet who went, in 1661, from Tadousac to Gaspé and swinging to the north-east, instructed in the faith the Bersiamites, the Papinachois, the Oumamioueks and allied tribes; Henri Nouvel, who passed many winters in the forests with the Algonquin tribes and mustered nine hundred converts to greet Bishop Laval when, on June 24, 1668, he visited Tadousac and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to one hundred and forty-nine Indians.

"The history of Tadousac for two centuries," writes Arthur Buies, "is almost solely that of the missions which were conducted here, first (1) by the Jesuits, from 1604 to 1782, and afterward by Diocesan priests."*

Tadousac, in these early days, was the headquarters for the missions organized to cover the vast territory lying north of the St. Lawrence.

To Tadousac came, from the Island of Anticosti and the shores of James' Bay, Indian converts to Christianity to receive the sacraments and meet their brethren of the faith, and from here departed the saintly and heroic priests whose sacrifices impart lustre to the annals of the French race in Canada. These daring sons of Loyola fearlessly carried the Cross—the symbol of salvation—and with it the message of decency, religion and Christian civilization to the wandering tribes roaming the uncharted regions lying north and north-east of Tadousac and the "River of Death."

*"Le Saguenay et Le Bassin du Lac Saint-Jean.

(1) Mr. Buies is mistaken when he states that the Jesuits were the first missionaries at Tadousac. The Franciscans preceded them; the Oblats were also here for a time.

Tadousac and the Jesuit Relations

It is interesting to note when examining the letters of the Jesuit missionaries at Tadousac, the attention the Fathers gave to every detail which concerned localities, the Indians, and the sufferings and trials of the missionary.

One of the worst enemies in the woods with which the Jesuit Fathers had to contend was the mosquito. Here is what Father Le Jeune, writing in 1632, says of the irritating and troublesome little pests swarming in and around Tadousac:

"I thought I would be eaten alive by the mosquitoes, which are little flies, but are very annoying. The great forest around here engenders several kinds of little flies; there are common flies, gnats, fire-flies, mosquitoes, large flies, and many others. The little flies sting severely and the pain from their sting, which is very painful, lasts for a long time; there are not, however, many large flies. The gnats are very small, but very perceptibly felt; the fire-flies do no harm; at night they look like sparks of fire. Catching one of these flies, I held it near a book and I could read very easily. As for the mosquitoes, they are annoying. However, they are more severe with some people than with others."

This great and heroic priest writes, in 1638:

"The savages at Tadoussac, of all the tribes we have visited, show the least inclination for the faith."

But in twenty years a change for the better was noticed, for in April, 1663, we read that:

"Fathers Gabriel Drouillette and Henri Nouvel wintered with the savages around Tadoussac and had already baptized fifty persons;" and in 1667 the Relation says:

"I know no one in Tadoussack who has two wives.

All are married before the Church and are constant in the faith and in their marriages."

"Father Nouvel, who has charge (1667) of the Church at Tadoussack, praises the piety and innocence of those Christian savages who have little more to combat than one demon, namely, drunkenness, which alone causes more disorder than all the other demons together."

1668: "Tall Charles at Tadoussack drank some every morning as long as his little keg, or case of bottles, lasted; he also took but one drink when he returned from hunting or from a journey and he told everyone that this suited him very well."

1659: "Sixty or seventy Iroquois warriors (Mohawks) attacked the French and Indians at Tadoussack. They killed three and wounded one. That night the French and Indians abandoned Tadoussack."

1654: "When winter is over all our hunters betake themselves with their furs and goods to the banks of the great river at the harbor which we call Tadoussac. The savages tell of a country where the cold is so great as to freeze all words uttered there; but when summer comes again, all the words thaw out and then is heard, almost in a moment, all that was spoken in the winter."

Earthquake: "On St. Mathais day, 24th February, 1665, the shocks were so violent at Tadoussac that the savages and one of our Fathers who was wintering with them in the neighbourhood, declare that they were not less severe than those felt at Quebec in that famous earthquake which occurred in the year 1663."

Although a missionary centre and a trading post of great importance, Tadousac was from time to time abandoned to solitude, its people slaughtered and the place destroyed by the Iroquois. It was now and

then consumed by forest fires and its population ravaged by pestilence, smallpox and epidemics. Before it became a permanent missionary station it was a rendezvous for the fur traders and a place to which the Algonquins came to barter their furs and peltries. Here also came a Franciscan, or Jesuit priest, from Quebec, who, for the two or three months that the fur market was open, instructed the Indians, perfected their knowledge of the Algonquin dialects and formed friendships with many of the tribes from northern regions.

When the market was sold out, the Montagnais returned to their hunting lands, accompanied often by the missionary; then Tadousac was abandoned to its rocks and solitude.

In the **Relation** of 1652 we read:

"Tadousac is deserted except at the time of the arrival of the ships. Then a mission is given to the wandering barbarians who assemble there from various parts, from a distance of three hundred miles and more, and are instructed for two or three months."

In the year 1669 the Superior General of the Missions of New France, unable to spare a priest for Tadousac, closed the Saguenay mission. It was re-opened in the month of June, 1720, by Father Laure, and from that time until now Tadousac has always had the ministrations of its own priest.

In the **Relation** written in 1720, Father Laure says:

"There never was in Tadoussac more than one French house and a few lodges of savages who came here to exchange their furs."

Again, writing in 1733, he tells us:

"Tadoussac was at one time a thriving mission where as many as three thousand Indians assembled to trade and to whom three Jesuit Fathers ministered."

In this interesting letter he dwells on the beauty

of Tadousac in summer time; "its thousand little trees and wild flowers," the cooling breezes, the canoes and ships passing up and down the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, regrets that there are only twenty-five Montagnais families living there, and mourns over the destruction by fire of the Church of the Holy Cross.

In the year of 1628 Admiral Kertk destroyed the village.

In 1661, Iroquois warriors entered Tadousac and after slaughtering its people, including three French fishermen, burned the post, the chapel and the warehouse. The Indians in the surrounding woods, fearing the wrath of their enemy, fled for refuge to their kinsmen the Papinachois, and not until the coming to Tadousac of Father Druillette, in 1663, did they venture to return.

In the year 1670 Tadousac was consumed by forest fires which for three days ravaged the Saguenay lands. This fire destroyed the only house and store in the place, the Indian chapel and the bark cabin where the missionary Fathers slept and dined during the late spring and early summer while the Indians were trafficking with the traders.

When Father Charlevoix, the historian and traveler, visited Tadousac in 1721, he saw "no house, no habitation, nor sign of life;" and when the botanist Andre Michaux entered the harbor in 1782 on his way to Lake Mistassini, there was only a solitary shelter—a Montagnais "wind-break"—in the abandoned post.

The *Relation* for 1670 records that Father Albanel spent most of the winter among the dead and dying in Tadousac and its neighborhood and that two hundred and fifty Christian Indians died of smallpox in ten weeks in Tadousac and Sillery. If the bodies of all who died of fever, smallpox and other diseases in the historic place since Cartier's landing in 1535 could be rematerial-

ized, reconstructed and built into a pyramid, the base of the pyramid would be as broad and the bulk as large as Cape Trinity, and its apex as high as that of Cape Eternity.

When, in 1657, Father Albel was leaving Tadousac to winter with the moose hunters east of Lake Kenogami, he mourned that of twelve hundred savages who camped around the entrance to the Saguenay in the spring of 1655, eleven hundred perished of a loathsome contagious disease.

A Consecrated Place

In the history of Tadousac two outstanding facts challenge our attention and respect. It was for nearly two centuries the "Place of Trade," to which converged almost every summer fur laden representatives of the wild tribes of Papinachois, Montagnais, Mistassini, Outabitebec, Esquimaux, Etchemin, Gaspians and smaller bodies from the Seven Isles and inland forests north of the St. Lawrence River.

But the fame and name of the fascinating village is forever embedded in our Canadian annals by reason of its intimate association with the early missions. When we enter the period embracing the heroic lives and illustrious names of the great Franciscans and Jesuits who, departing from Tadousac, devoted themselves to civilizing and Christianising the wandering hordes of the uncharted regions of northern wastes, we enter again the "Cycle of Roman Martyrs."

The splendid self-sacrifice, devotion, and immolation of these saintly men invest this village with properties of consecration. Their sanctity and heroism dignify and ennoble the annals of the sacred ground. Henceforth, "its history," writes M. Lafleche, "is the history of great and saintly men whose names

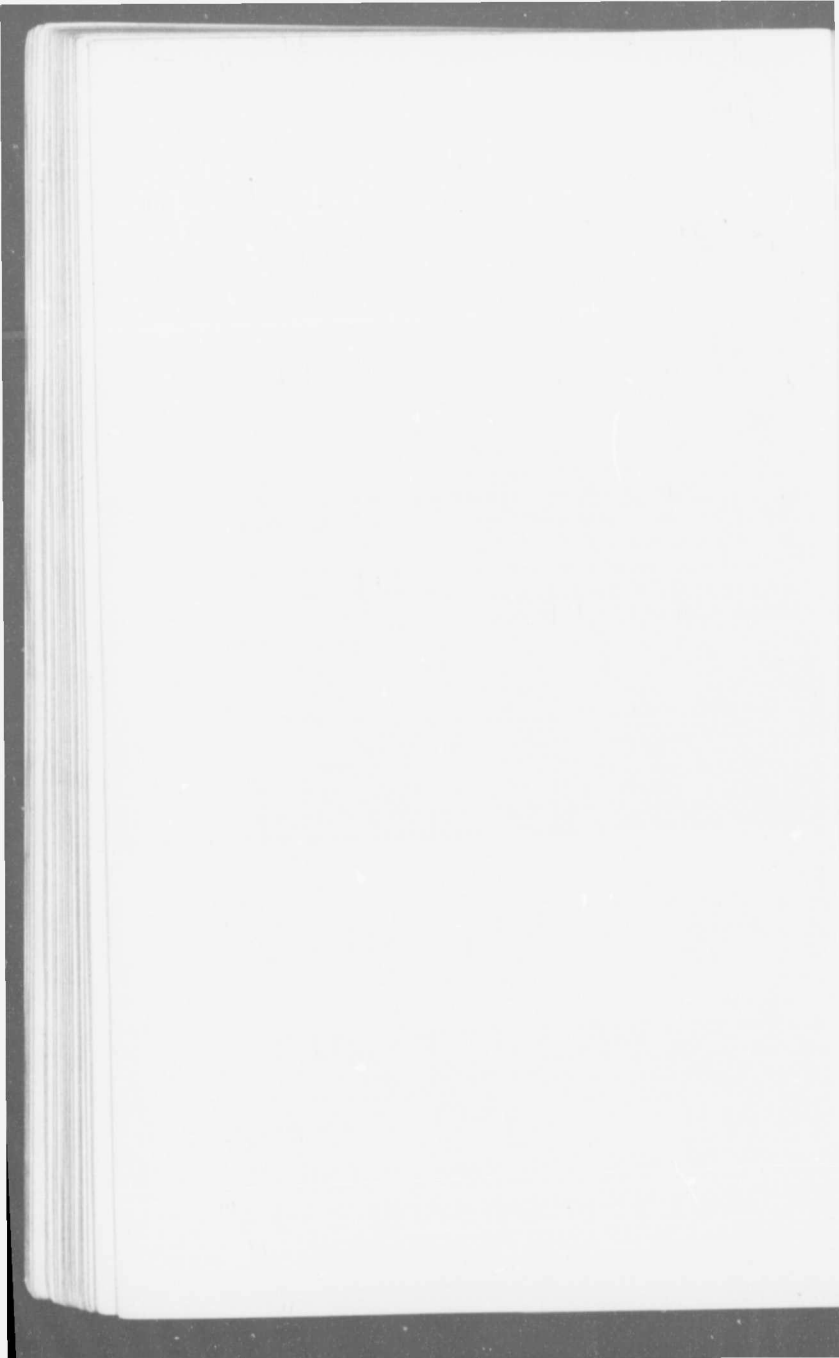
give distinction to our annals and ennoble the traditions of French heroism."

Beginning with 1615, when the Franciscan or Recollet Fathers assumed charge of the Tadousac mission, the very stones speak to us of God, of immortality, of Redemption—of all that enlarges the horizon of the soul even to the infinite. The study of the lives of these early missionaries show in high relief to the man of plastic imagination, the sanctity of a Dolbeau, the heroism of Le Jeune and the religious intrepidity of a Dequen, a Dablon and an Albanel, heroes and saints who for love of perishing souls, for God and France, dared the wilderness and challenged the spectres of cold, starvation and death.

On treading its consecrated soil the annals of its past inspire the mind with a laudable desire to trace anew the footsteps of these saintly men and to salute its mountains, unconscious witnesses of their courage and holiness. The venerable Indian Chapel and the very stones of the place are sanctified by the footprints of apostles and martyrs who here nourished the plant of Christian civilization. They are all mementoes, not alone of a sacred antiquity, but of the inspired efforts of great souls to energize and realize the sublime hope of our Divine Lord "that we all may be one."

Where stood the primitive bark chapel raised in 1648, by the Montagnais neophytes of Father Dequen, there rises to-day an attractive stone temple built by the generosity of another race. The first white priest and his Indian converts are in their graves for almost three hundred years, but, on the consecrated altar of the white man's church there is offered to-day the same unchangeable Sacrifice, in the same unchangeable language, that the great priest offered to the same adorable God centuries ago. Between this church

and Father Coquart's Montagnais Chapel, of 1747, is the humble grave-yard sown with unpretentious monuments to the memory of the dead whose bodies are here returning to their primitive element. In this consecrated plot of ground no man may separate the dust of Algonquin men and women from that of the Bretons, Normans and Canadians whose remains are here interred. Here, among Indians and whites, they should have buried the body of Pere Labrosse and, over all, raised a monument of Laurentian granite. And into this monument should be chiseled these words from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans: "The sufferings of this world are not to be compared with the glory to come that shall be revealed to us."— (Rom. viii., 15.)



PRIMITIVE CHAPELS

The first place of worship opened in Tadousac was the bark **wigwam** of the Franciscan priest, Joseph Le Caron, which was built early in 1617, and was used by him as an oratory and dwelling.

Then came, in May, 1640, the Jesuit missionary, Jean Dequen, who, probably, said mass in a temporary cabin until he returned to Quebec in September of the same year. Coming back to Tadousac in 1641, he was warmly welcomed by the Indians, "who manifested universal joy at my arrival. They put up a cabin for me, apart from the others, which served at once as a chapel and a house."*

In 1642, Father Dequen remained for three months with the Montagnais and made Tadousac the headquarters for the "Flying Missions" north-east of the Saguenay River.

When on these missions to the Indian tribes, Father Dequen and his successors carried with them everything essential for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, selecting for their altar a fallen log, an upturned canoe, a snow bank, or any thing or place where the stone of sacrifice might safely rest.*

Evidently encouraging reports of the success of the Tadousac mission had reached Quebec, for the venerable and saintly Marie de l'Incarnation, writing in 1643 to her son in France, tells him that:

*Relation, 1642.

*Rochmonteix, vol. I., p. 254.

"We have heard of wonders this year at Tadousac. Great numbers of savages came there (this summer), many of them travelling for twenty days, came to receive instructions and be baptized. They are animated with such religious enthusiasm and filled with such devout sentiments that they put us to shame, for they surpass us in piety. All these tribes live in the forests north of the St. Lawrence River."*

Again, adverting to the exemplary lives of the converted savages, she writes:

"For six months, Charles—a Montagnais Indian—has done more by his appeals than a hundred sermons could have done in the same time."

Fathers Gabriel Druillette and Henri Nouvelle, who wintered with the Montagnais in 1665, continued to add to the numbers of converts, for in that winter they baptized fifty Indians.*

In 1643, Father Buteux, who succeeded Father Dequen, enlarged the bark chapel and the following year erected a brick residence to serve as a presbytery.*

In 1648 a large and commodious bark chapel was erected, with a log room attached to it which served as a sleeping apartment for the missionary. In the chapel prayers were said and hymns sung in the Huron, Algonquin, Montagnais, Miscoienne and the French languages. In 1642 Father Dequen erected a great cross among the tents of the Indians then camping on the shores of the bay. This was afterwards removed to l'Ilet island, where it could be seen from the ships passing up and down the St. Lawrence.

*Lettres de la Ven. M. Marie de l'Incarnation, Sept. 30, 1643, p. 376.

*Le Journal des Jesuites, April, 1665.

*"The Father (Buteux) wished to have the bricks carried up that had been brought for building a house at Tadousac."—Relation, 1643-44.

From the day this cross was raised on the rock of l'Ilet, Tadousac was called the Mission of the "Exaltation of the Holy Cross," the chapels and churches afterward built taking their titles from the mission.

In 1660 a stone church was built which was burned down in 1664.

In 1720 Father Laure, mourning the loss of the church, wrote:

"The old, ruined stone buildings, whereof the foundations, cellar, bake-house and a gable still exist, show that a very neat church and a comfortable house once existed here." Further on in his letter he expresses the hope that: "My successor will induce the company of the **Domaine** to raise again this building—which was about sixty feet long—as the stone and the old lime-kiln are still on the spot."*

The pious hope of the faithful missionary was not realized, for the stone church was replaced by a large bark chapel, and a comfortable bark residence was raised for the missionary.

When, in 1668, Bishop Laval made his pastoral visit to Tadousac, he was met at the landing by hundreds of Christian Indians, representatives of many inland tribes. Their spokesman, a Papinichois chief, while expressing the intense delight and joy of the warriors and hunters, the women, old men and children, deplored the burning of their church, and regretted that they had nothing better than a bark chapel in which to receive his Lordship.

On his return to Quebec, Bishop Laval—Canada's first Bishop—expressed to the people of Quebec the "consolation that was his when he saw with his own eyes the flourishing condition of Christianity at

*Relation, of Father Pierre Laure, 1720-30.

Tadousac and the piety and devotion of the Indian converts."*

In the year 1700 the numerical strength of the Jesuit Fathers in Canada was so seriously impaired by martyrdom, natural death and disease contracted on the northern missions, that the Father Provincial, unable to spare a priest for Tadousac, was reluctantly compelled to recall Father Crepieul in 1702 and close the mission.

This exemplary priest visited, from time to time, all the Montagnais Indians dwelling in the Lake St. John and Nekoubau regions, and in the forests bordering Lake Mistassini.

For almost twenty years Tadousac was a deserted village, an abandoned post.

When, in 1720, Father Laure returned to reopen the mission, there were in the lonely place only an abandoned "wooden dwelling and a warehouse."

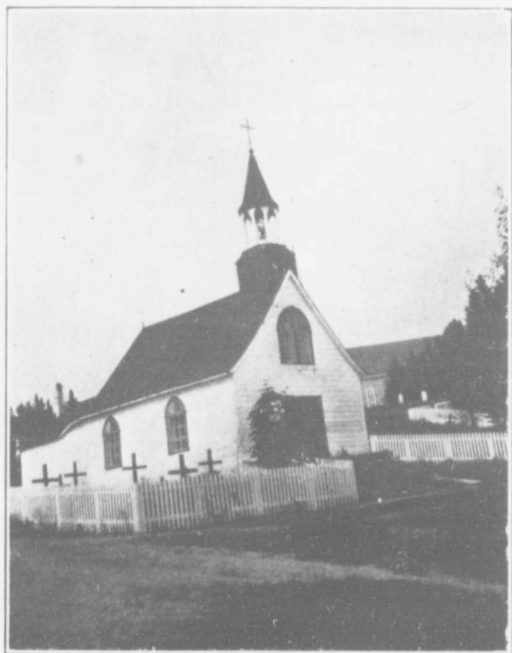
Father Laure was succeeded in the mission of Tadousac by Father Maurice, who in 1746 was replaced by Father Coquart, who died at Chicoutimi, July, 1765.

All of these great missionaries were men of undaunted courage, piety and zeal, whose names, like those of Clement and the fellow labourers of St. Paul, "are written in the Book of Life."

Montagnais Chapel of the Holy Cross

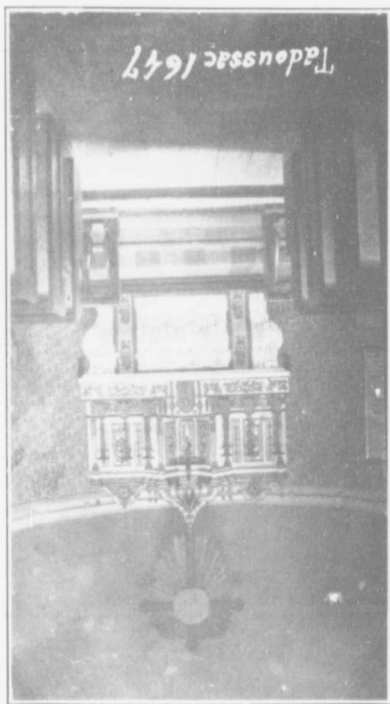
Forty years ago, when masons were strengthening the foundations of the little Indian chapel at Tadousac, they found imbedded in the corner-stone a leaden plate into which was roughly cut this interesting record in French:

*Vie de Mgr. de Laval, p. 528.



THE INDIAN CHURCH.

ALTAR IN INDIAN CHAPEL.



"In the year 1747, on the 16th day of May,
M. Cugnet, Factor of the (fur) post,
F. Dore, Clerk, Michel Lavoye, builder of the church,
Father Coquart, Jesuit Priest, placed me here."
I. H. S.*

For one hundred and seventy-three years this ancient Montagnais chapel has escaped the ravages of great storms, destruction by fire and the stroke of lightning. It is the oldest House of Worship, **framed in wood**, in the Dominion of Canada, and probably on the continent of North America. The bell which on St. Ann's Day invites, once a year, the people of the village to pray for the soul of M. Hocquart, a generous friend of the Montagnais Indians, is the same bell which, nearly three hundred years ago, summoned the Indian converts, the dark-haired men, women and children then tenting in Tadousac, to morning and evening prayers. Is there an older church bell in all Canada?

In the summer of 1747, Father Coquart, the Indian missionary then at Tadousac, wrote a letter to the Provincial of the Jesuits, Quebec. In this letter he states:

"On March 21 (1747) Blanchard departed to prepare the timber for the new church at Tadousac, in accordance with the written agreement I had with him. On the 16th of May I blessed the site of the new church, and drove the first nail.

"Monsieur Hocquart, the Intendant of New France, gave all the boards, planks, and shingles, and all the nails necessary for the building; while I undertook, for myself and my successors, to say mass for him on St. Anne's day, so long as the church should exist, as an acknowledgement of his liberality.

*Standing for: *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, i. e., Jesus the Saviour of Men; they are, to be accurate, the three first letters in the name of our Lord in Greek—Ihsous.

"On the 4th of March, 1748, I was sent for to go to Chekoutimi, where some people were sick, and I returned to Tadousac. On the 21st I went to Quebec, where I obtained from Monsieur the Intendant a further amount of 300 livres for my new church at Tadousac.

"In the autumn of 1749, Monsieur Bigot, the Intendant, granted me 200 livres for my church of Tadousac, which was roofed and closed in this year."*

To this day, the covenant between the Jesuit missionary and the Intendant of New France has been scrupulously observed by each one of Father Coquart's successors at Tadousac.

On every recurrent Festival of St. Anne—July 26—the bell of the Indian chapel reminds all the villagers of the dead priest's promise, and, when the Holy Sacrifice begins the little "House of God" is filled with devout worshippers—with old men and children, young men and maidens. But, alas! for the days of old. There is no one here to-day that may claim kinship with the dark-haired men and women of the forest who, in early times, crowded into the holy building and, in a language now doomed, like themselves, to extinction, asked of God to have pity on them.

There was not a solitary Indian present when the Adorable Sacrifice was offered up last July for the repose of the soul of M. Hocquart. The venerable little chapel, built on the site of Father Dequen's bark chapel, is a sacred memento of the days of old. It is the Roc-Amadour of Tadousac which we salute with reverence and respect.

O sanctuaire illustre et venere,
Tu revivras dans notre humble campagne.

*Relation, 1747. (Vol. 69, B. Ed.)

Memorials of the Dead

This Indian Chapel of the Holy Cross is a precious and priceless inheritance which the parishoners of Tadousac ought to guard and preserve with great care, for it is not only a consecrated legacy, but it is a sacred museum shrining valuable memorials of piety and faith, and a mausoleum within which repose the sacred ashes of a devout and holy priest.

The **Stone of Sacrifice** reposing on the altar of the chapel was brought from France to Quebec almost four hundred years ago.

The **Stations of the Cross** also came from France and are probably the smallest figures of the **Via Crucis** attached to the walls of any church or oratory in North America.

The **Oil Paintings**. The most striking and obvious fact in the village life of these rude and untaught children of the forest was their admiration and appreciation of beauty.

They enriched their own handiwork with many beautiful designs of their quaint and untutored imagination. In the lives of these Indian converts the trinity of the human soul, Truth, Love, and Beauty, was a trinity in unity—the unity of a common faith.

They did what they could, in co-operation with their priests, to adorn and make beautiful the House of God. In many places in the writings of the Jesuits and in the letters of the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation expressions of admiration are met with testifying to the generosity of the converts in contributing to the decoration and adornment of their chapels. We read in the **Relation** for 1647 that the Tadousac Indians' contribution of beaver skins was large enough, when converted into French money, to pay for the bell of their church, for four sacred pictures and for tapestries, curtains, altar rugs and other articles.

Many of the religious communities of France, and pious and generous souls of Paris and Lyons, were benefactors of the Jesuit missions and mission churches of New France in the seventeenth century. Rank, power, nobles and royalty itself encouraged and contributed money and gifts to the raising of chapels and the adornment of the sacred buildings.

The oil paintings, presented by French generosity to this sacred and inviolable Indian chapel, include:

"A St. Charles Borremeo"—very old.

"Presentation in the Temple"—executed in 1754 by Bauvais.

"Guardian Angel"—1730. Artist unknown.

"Virgin and Child"—Artist unknown.

"The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin"—Artist unknown.*

The **Bambino**, or Infant Jesus, was presented, 1648, by King Louis XIV., with an autograph note, to the Church of the Acadians at Grand Pre. This was the Church of Evangeline of whom Longfellow writes so beautifully:

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the
thorn by the wayside;
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benedic-
tion upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music."

*These paintings, except the St. Charles Borremeo, have been transferred for greater security to the Parish Church.

After the dispersion of the Acadians, in 1755, the Bambino was brought to Quebec. In 1785 it was given to the Indian chapel, Tadousac. The robes of the wax statuette were made, according to a tradition, by Queen Anne of Austria.

The Boat. An *ex voto* made and presented to the chapel by Mestigoit, a Montagnais Indian. The only tool the Montagnais used when fashioning the boat was a pocket knife.

The Banner of the Virgin. This very old and beautiful oriflamme of the Virgin probably goes back to the year 1671, when the Jesuit missionary, Father Crepieul, wrote that the chapel at Tadousac was furnished with everything necessary and useful for the ceremonies of Holy Church. The banner is large, carrying on one face a white cross on a field of red silk, and on the reverse, a painting of the Blessed Virgin, on white silk. The oriflamme is preserved in the sacristy of the Parish Church.

The Chapel Bell. Two hundred and seventy-four years ago this—the oldest bell in Canada—was brought from France to Tadousac and, in 1647, was suspended from the branch of a balsam-fir standing beside the bark chapel of the Montagnais. It has out-lived the ravages of time, survived the vicissitudes of centuries, the wrath of fire and the cupidity of the Iroquois. Like old gold, it is yellow with age. It is of antique French make and the cross melted into it indicates that it was intended for the belfry of a Catholic chapel. For centuries its familiar sound was heard at all hours among the Indian cabins of Tadousac. From its pine belfry it sent forth its first-born appeals southward over the waters of the mighty St. Lawrence and across the dark flowing river, the Saguenay. Its voice was heard on the fir bearded hills to the north and announced consecration and redemption to the heathen wilderness.

In the days, now gone forever, it proclaimed in joyful tones to the Montagnais tenting in Tadousac the baptism and re-birth of each one of their newly-born infants; the consecrated union of the Indian hunter and the Indian maiden, and when the Montagnais Christian was carried to his grave, the solemn woods were saddened and all the living were reminded to pray for the soul of the hunter whose body was laid to rest in consecrated virgin soil. To all the half-starved and frozen sons and daughters of the forest and the rocks this beloved bell promised rest in heaven and peace with God.

The **Memorial Tablet**. On the left as you enter the little chapel there is a mural tablet perpetuating the memory of an exemplary and remarkable priest. The inscription, translated, reads:

D. O. M.*

To the Memory
of the

REVEREND J. B. DE LA BROSSE

the last Jesuit Missionary at Tadousac.

Died in the odor of sanctity
in the 58th year of his life.

Buried in this Chapel of Tadousac
April 12th, 1782.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that
preach the gospel of peace."—Rom. x., 15.

John Baptist Labrosse was the last of the great Jesuit missionaries to the Montagnais tribes. From Tadousac he visited and ministered to the tribes north and north-east of the Saguenay River, and covered in his missionary zeal many of the, then, desolate regions of Quebec and New Brunswick. He passed thirty-five years on the missions, sixteen of which were

*Abbreviation for: Deo, Optimo, Maximo, which means: "To God, the best and the greatest."

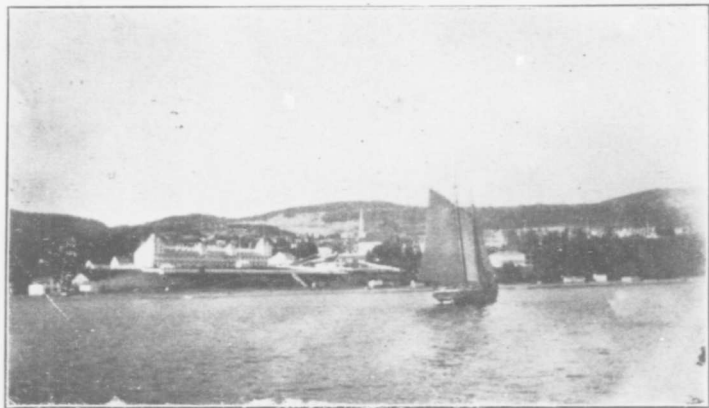
devoted almost exclusively to the spiritual care of the Montagnais of the north.

He compiled a dictionary of the Algonquin language, including the Montagnais dialects, translated many parts of the New Testament into Algonquin and wrote in that language a catechism and many doctrinal tracts. He was a missionary of great energy, endowed with a generous and friendly nature and:

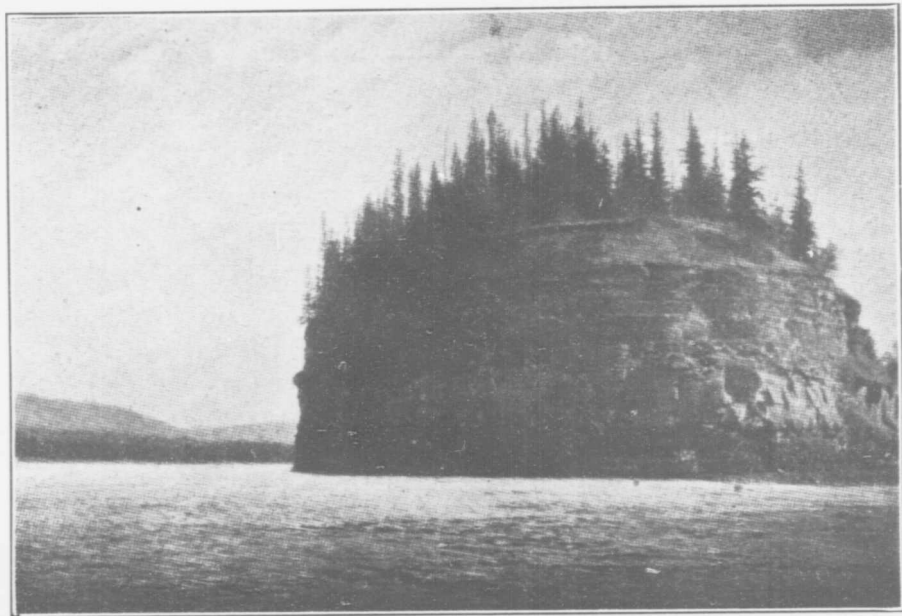
"In the years he lived, in all these regions wild,
There was no cause for weeping, save when the
good priest died."

A pious tradition records that on the night the beloved missionary died at Tadousac the Guardian Angels of all the Indian chapels he had built in the wilderness tolled the bells. When the Indians heard the bells tolling a requiem for the dead, they said one to the other: "Our good Pere Labrosse is dead. Did he not say when he was last here that we would never see him again?"





TADOUSAC HOTEL.



"LA BOULE," 1830.

PLACES AND OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN AND AROUND TADOUSAC

The **Saguenay**. Geologists, for seventy years, have formulated opinions and theories on the causes which conspired to form the bed of this wonderful river, and have not yet arrived at any unanimity of opinion. Possibly, in primordial ages, glaciers, avalanches, earthquakes, boisterous torrents and whirling floods united to form its channel when its adamantine walls were uplifted from abysmal depths. When Bayard Taylor, great traveller and author, entered, many years ago, through its rocky gateway, he was awed by the utter silence, the desolation and solitude and the dark flowing waters of the lonely river. In the description of his voyage, written for a New York newspaper, he said he had sailed over the "River of Death" and that the lonely silence of the land and the awful heights of Capes Trinity and Eternity were symbols and signs of the omnipotence of God.

Sailing up the river on a moon-lit night, the silence everywhere is oppressive and the weird shadows reflected from the adamantine mountains are deceptive in their realism. When the drifting clouds curtain the moon and you look down upon the dark flowing waters you are reminded of Kubla Khan gazing into the awesome depths of Anadu—

"Where Alph, the sacred river ran,
Through caverns, measureless to man,
Down to the silent sea.' "

Before, above and around you is a panorama of unsurpassed sublimity, a tremendous manifestation of the creative will of God, a co-mingling of natural wonders and elemental forces proclaiming to man the omnipotence of God and the glory of the Lord.

To the material mind the mountainous land on either side is "a desert land, a waste wilderness and a place of horror which cannot be sowed, nor bringeth forth fig trees, nor vines, nor pomegranates," but to the man of meditation and of faith, it is a land where the majesty of omnipotence is enthroned and the voice of Creation supreme.

This wonderful river is navigable for seventy or eighty miles, but, contrary to tradition and popular opinion, it has nowhere a depth of a mile or two miles. The deepest part of the Saguenay is found five miles above Tadousac, between Passe-Pierre and the Anse, or Bay, Saint-Etienne. Here, according to hydrographic soundings made in 1830, was found the deepest part of the Saguenay River, that is, a depth of 882 feet. At the mouth of the river, near Tadousac, the depth is 456 feet.*

Visible from the mouth of the Saguenay, and about three miles up the river, towers to great height an almost isolated rock called "La Boule," (The Ball). It is well worth visiting, for it is a dolerite or basalt rock of great geological age, and, either from weathering or as the result of successive extrusions, presents in places a stair-like aspect.

The Three Pot-Holes. A pot-hole is a basin-shaped or cylindrical small cavity in a rock formed by stones and gravel gyrated by falling water, or by the eddies of a stream. There are three of these pot-holes on l'Ilet Island, and unless fashioned by the

*Le Saguenay et le Basin du Lac Saint-Jean, p. 39—Arthur Buies.

hand of man, to serve as a rest for mooring or snubbing posts, an extraordinary change must have occurred in geological times in the configuration of l'Îlet and its surroundings. And that this may have happened in the remote past we infer from the changes produced on both sides of the St. Lawrence River two hundred and fifty-seven years ago by a severe earthquake.

The **Great Earthquake** which shook the whole Province of Quebec in 1663, seriously affected the entire range of the Laurentides and, in places, altered the appearance and contour of the mountains. The **Relations** written at the time by Fathers Ragueneau, Mercier and Lalement, and the letters of the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation, testify to the appalling effects of the repeated shocks. "New lakes," declares the **Relation** of 1663, "have appeared where none existed before; certain mountains are seen no more, having been swallowed up; a number of rapids have been levelled; a number of rivers have disappeared; the earth was rent in many places and chasms, whose depths cannot be sounded, have opened." Again, Father Jerome Lalement, in a letter remarkable for its simplicity and lucidity, writes: "We learn from Tadousac that the stress of the earthquake was not less severe there than elsewhere; here one might see marvelous effects of the shocks. Near Pointe aux Alouettes, a whole forest became detached from the mainland and slid into the river, where it presents to view great trees, straight and verdant, which sprang into being in the water, over night."*

It would seem from the letters which have come down to us that Tadousac was within the very focus of the terrestrial convulsions. Father Mercier assures us that in 1665 he was told by two honest and trust-

*Relation, 1663.

worthy men who had returned from a visit to Tadousac and Malbaie that the **Relation** of 1663 did not record one-half the ravages caused in these places by the earthquake. On Tadousac and on the land around it there was a rain of fine dust for six hours; the waters of the bay retired as if affrighted and, returning, swept inland to the foot-hills.

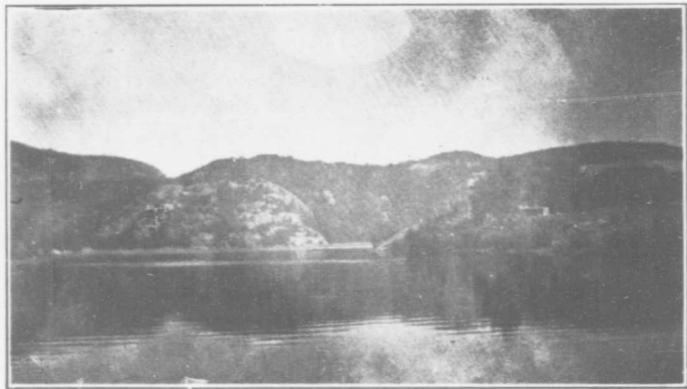
"I have heard," writes Marie de l'Incarnation, "from those who came up the river in boats that in many places between here and Tadousac the very mountains have opened; their sides have disappeared and inlets have formed where ships and chaloups now seek refuge from storms. It is a thing so surprising that one can hardly credit it, yet, every day we are hearing of similar prodigies."

"In certain places," writes Father Lalement, "as at Tadousac, the shocks were felt three and four times every day and were alarmingly severe."

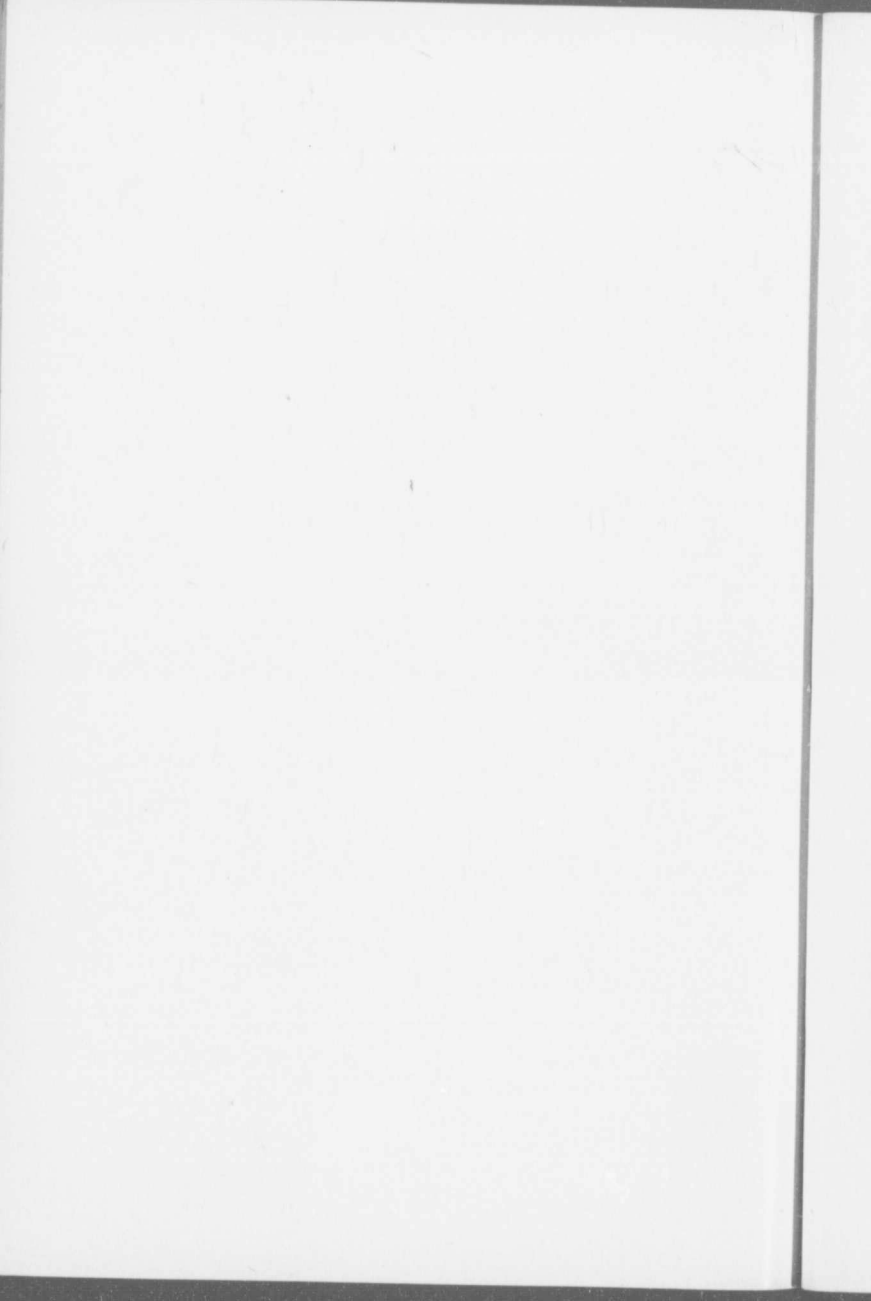
"Rivers either disappeared entirely or were thoroughly defiled, the waters of some becoming yellow and of others red. Our great river, Saint Lawrence, appeared all whitish opposite Tadousac."

From which we may permissively conclude that, in the remote past, many great alterations on the face of the land, waters and rocks around Tadousac have occurred.

Among these changes in primordial times was, in all probability, the alteration of the lower channel of the Saguenay. Close examination of the Valley of La Riviere du Moulin Baude and the granite walls enclosing it, would seem to prove that at some time in the geological past the Saguenay River emptied into the St. Lawrence at Moulin Baude. In modern times, beginning with the year 1638, eight serious earthquakes shook the Laurentides around Tadousac. In early ages some great cataclysm closed the entrance



WHERE THE PORPOISE PLAYS.



of the Saguenay to what is now the Valley of Moulin-a-Baude and compelled the river to fight its way to the St. Lawrence through its present channel.

The Cemetery. As if to protect the grave-yard from profanation, and to sanctify the hallowed remains of the dead, the white man's church stands on guard on the northern entrance to the field of the dead, and the Indians' chapel rises as a sentinel on its southern slope. Here, for centuries, the bones of the white man and the red are undistinguishable. The ashes of both now mingle together in the unity of nature as in earlier times their souls were wedded together in the unity of a common faith.

This consecrated cemetery is perhaps the oldest grave-yard in continuous use in all Canada, for wherever the Jesuit missionary raised a chapel in the forest, he cleared, planted a cross, and blessed a plot of ground to be reserved exclusively for the burial of the baptised in Christ.

To-day no Indian child, no young Montagnais man or maiden is buried here.

Where are the descendants of those Indians who peopled Tadousac when Father Dequen wrote to Quebec that: "The country is so barren and rocky that there is scarcely enough land to bury the dead."

Not so many generations have passed away since, in this place, under the same sun that warms this same earth to-day, and by the shores of the rivers that now roll peacefully on, another race, a race of savage men and women differing from us in everything but that which constitutes a man the world over, lived and died.

Not even a stricken few remain to tell us that all the country wide was once theirs. They have withered on their own land. Their quivers are empty, their wigwams are blown down, and their canoes are

broken. They are climbing the mountains of the northlands and from their crests and pinnacles are reading their fate in the setting suns. They are singing their death song:

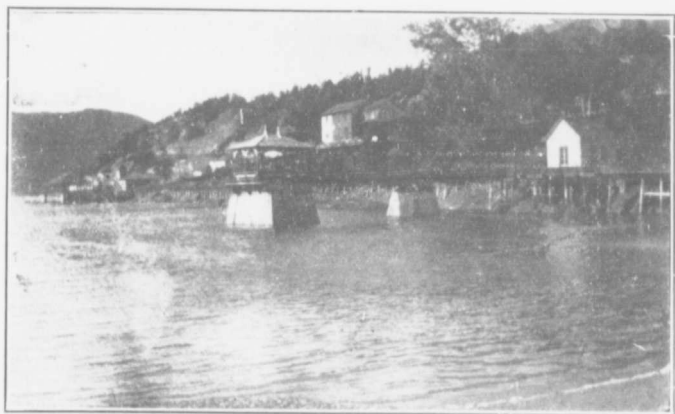
“Our glory fades with the waning moon,
The Red Man’s race shall be finished soon;
Our feet are caught in the death web spun,
No dawn shall be ours and no rising sun.”

Thus Cadman interpreted the tribal requiem of the Comanches, and it is true, pitifully true, of the few Montagnais now hunting in the forests surrounding Lake Peretibe. The coming of the white man foretold the doom of the Saguenay Indians, a doom, inevitable and awe-inspiring, which blighted their hopes and decimated their numbers. Their moon has almost passed away, and no cry of beast or man can awake them to the hunt or to battle again.

Long in this quiet and consecrated cemetery of Tadousac repose the remains of the Montagnais converts of the early Jesuit missionaries. The voice of the waves of the St. Lawrence and the dirge-like swell of the “River of Death” will forever wail their requiem.

The Salmon Weir. In the year 1875 the Dominion Government established at Tadousac a large building and baylet to produce young salmon and trout from eggs by incubation. Here anyone interested in ichthyology may study the process of incubation of the salmon and trout, see the spawn, fry and minnow developing into the full-grown fish. From here the inland lakes and the rivers flowing into the Saguenay are annually restocked and replenished.

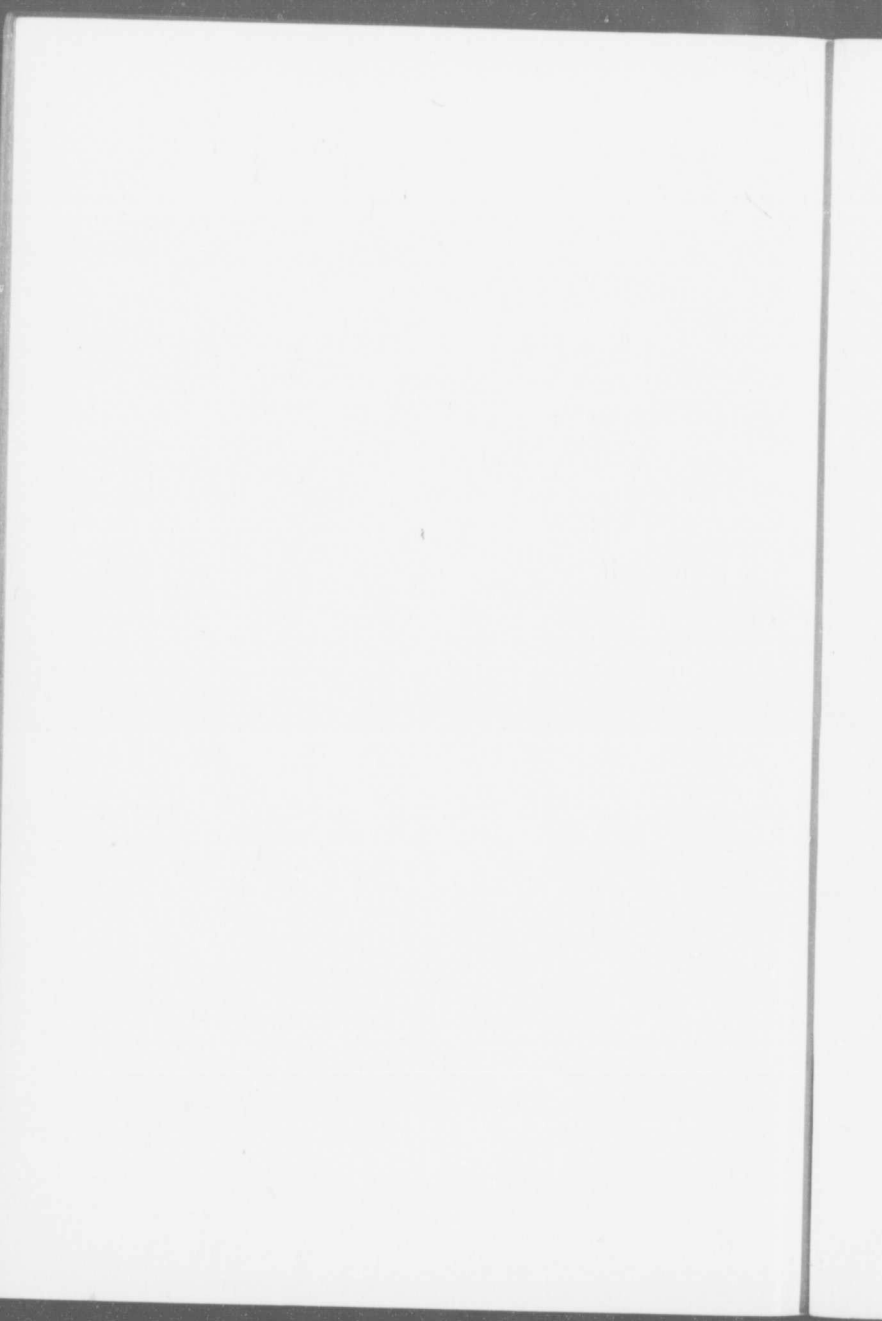
Ilet aux Morts. Reaching into the St. Lawrence from La Pointe aux Alouettes (Lark’s Point) is a sandy extension, covered with stones and sand, most of which is submerged at high tide. The south-east end



SALMON HATCHERY.



HATCHERY BUILDINGS.



of this shoal or extension, on which there is a light-house, is always above water, and is called Pointe de l'Îlet. In early times, long before the foundation of the light-house was sunk, the skeletons of three men were found on this spur by Algonquin Indians. White traders who had seen the remains thought they were the skeletons of Basque fishermen; the Algonquins said they were those of Iroquois warriors killed in a canoe battle with the Mamelons. Since those days this lonely and rocky point has been known as the Islet of the Dead, or Dead Men's Point.

Paraphrasing Bishop Mountain's beautiful address to "Le Lac des Morts," we may repeat with him:

"Isle of the Dead! Thy shores beside,
 In evening gloom now gathering fast,
 No shadowy forms or phantoms glide,
 No shrieks unearthly swell the blast.
 "Yet if beside thy lonely waves
 The bones of sinful men be spread,
 Thou, like old ocean's hidden caves,
 Shalt yield thy long-forgotten dead."

Dwight Park. This primitive reserve of spruce, cedar, birch and jack-pine is a most charming sylvan retreat. It is furnished with kiosks and rustic seats, is always scrupulously clean, and offers inviting repose to every visitor. The friends and admirers of the large-hearted donor of the park erected, in recognition of his generosity, a pillared gateway bearing this inscription:

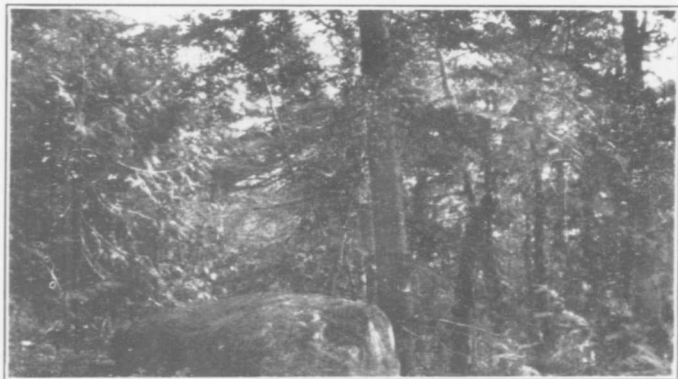
1911

Erected to the memory of
 JONATHAN DWIGHT
 By his friends.

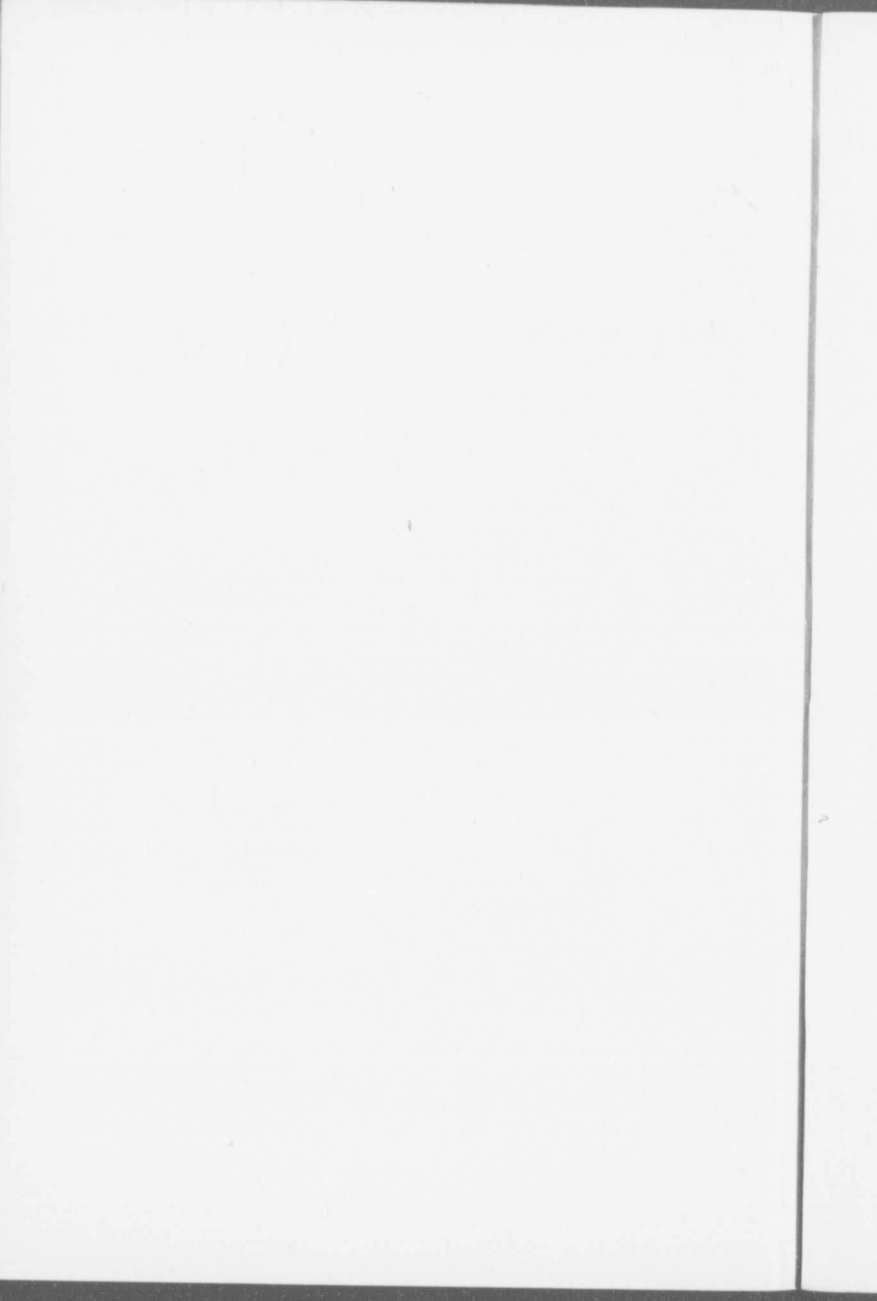
The Glacial Moraine. East of the Dwight Park

and on a bluff-land overlooking the St. Lawrence there are acres of ground covered with glacial drift and the remains of a terminal moraine. In the ice age, when more snow fell than was melted, the snow accumulated from year to year till it became so deep and heavy that the lower part was pressed into solid ice and was forced to move forward along the line of least resistance. Such a thick sheet of moving ice is what we now call a **glacier**. When in motion the glacier accumulates what is known as rock-waste—sand, pebbles, stones, and even large masses of rock—and when it is stranded or enters a warmer latitude, it deposits along its melting end this rock-waste. The irregular sheet of sand, gravel and small boulders covering much of the land immediately south-east of Dwight Park is a part of the great **Laurentian Glacier** which in geological times covered the entire region.

Near the western rim of this moraine, hidden among brambles, saplings and brush, is a **Volcanic Block** weighing ten or fifteen tons. It is a pyrogenous boulder of immeasurable age brought from afar and deposited here in the great ice age. This igneous rock has rested here for countless years, and its surface is beginning to show the weathering action of time. By some mighty cataclysmic force it was hurled from some gargantuan inferno hundreds of miles away and rolled down upon a glacier which, aeons ago, deposited it here. For thousands of years all animated things have been perishing, but this wonderful volcanic block has survived and taken dominion of the strength of nature. It is an ironic censor of the age of man upon the earth. Nor need its size create a doubt of its igneous origin, for the recent upheaval of the Klut or Kalut volcano in Java and the violent explosion of Krakatoa in 1883, gave birth to rocks weighing eighty tons.



VOLCANIC BOULDER.



This volcanic rock is in appearance an oblong square and a curiosity so great and venerable as to merit a protective covering and a descriptive tablet.

It was here probably long before the birth of Adam and was hoary with age—

“While yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its dome
The glittering Parthenon,”

and may last till the sun and moon fade away or the earth falls from beneath it.*

Sand Dunes. Driven inland by terrific storms in geological times, or left after the sea which, from Baie de Chaleur to the great divide, covered this region for thousands of years, receded, are great sand dunes. These dunes or, more correctly, deposits have devastated a large acreage north-westward of **Moulin Baude**. These deposits of fine sand are shifted by the winds, destroying the vegetation of the land and discouraging all tillage and industry in their neighborhood. A visit to these sand deposits and a drive through the valley of the Baude River—**faire le tour de la concession**—is a pleasant experience, for these sands and the well defined beaches tell a fascinating story of old shore lines antedating, perhaps, the birth of the Saguenay.

The Marble Quarries. When, in 1726, Charlevoix, the great Jesuit historian and traveller, landed near Moulin Baude, his attention was attracted by the white appearance of the outcroppings on the face of the banks bordering the little river. After examining

*This boulder, however, may be a quartz, the black coating of which might come from the oxidation of iron and manganese. A sample of the rock ought to be expressed to the provincial assayer at Quebec, to ascertain its contents.

specimens of the rock he declared them to be marble, and, in his "Journal d'un voyage dans l'Amerique," wrote that "all this country is full of marble."

These beds or quarries are, by land or water, only three miles east of Tadousac. Possibly the intrusion of minute sands of mica schist and syenitic granite have lowered the commercial value of the marble, for the quarries are now closed. The marble, unlike the Italian and Mexican, is laminated and will not accept a high polish, but being of spotless white, very durable and translucent, it will in time find its own market.

The Parish Church. The parish church of Sainte-Croix, which was opened for divine service in 1885, is a fine example of the splendid work done by French-Canadian masons. There is not in all Quebec Province a more finished specimen of the mason's craft than the apse of this sacred building.

The altars are remarkably fine examples of artistic carpentry, and the pillarets and columns of these altars are the best imitations of **Lapis-lazuli**, **Verd antique** and **Mexican onyx** we have anywhere seen. When figured or stained windows replace the plain glass this attractive church will be an inviting retreat for prayer and meditation.



PARISH CHURCH OF HOLY CROSS.

NOTE

While great care has been given to the compilation of this work, the author is satisfied that errors will be found here and there in the book. Will the learned reader kindly make a note of any mistakes of print or dates he may detect and write to the Pastor of Tadousac, P. Q., that all errors may be corrected, future editions made reliable and the volume standardized?