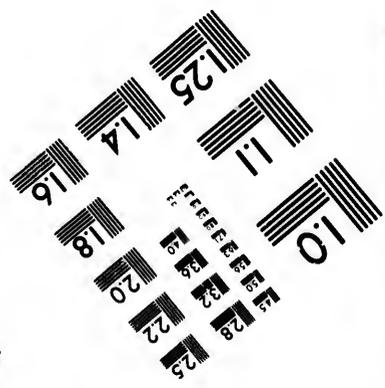
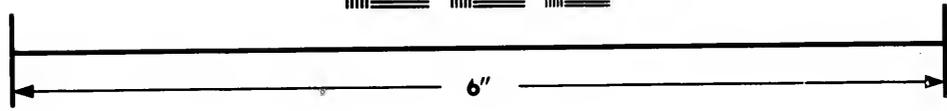
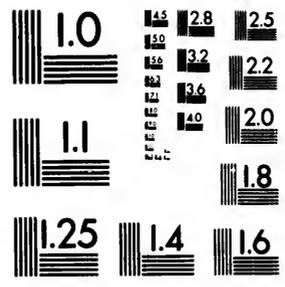


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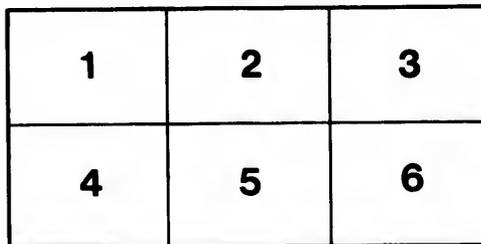
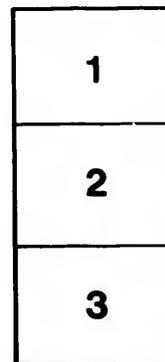
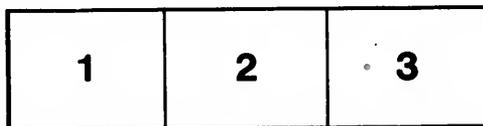
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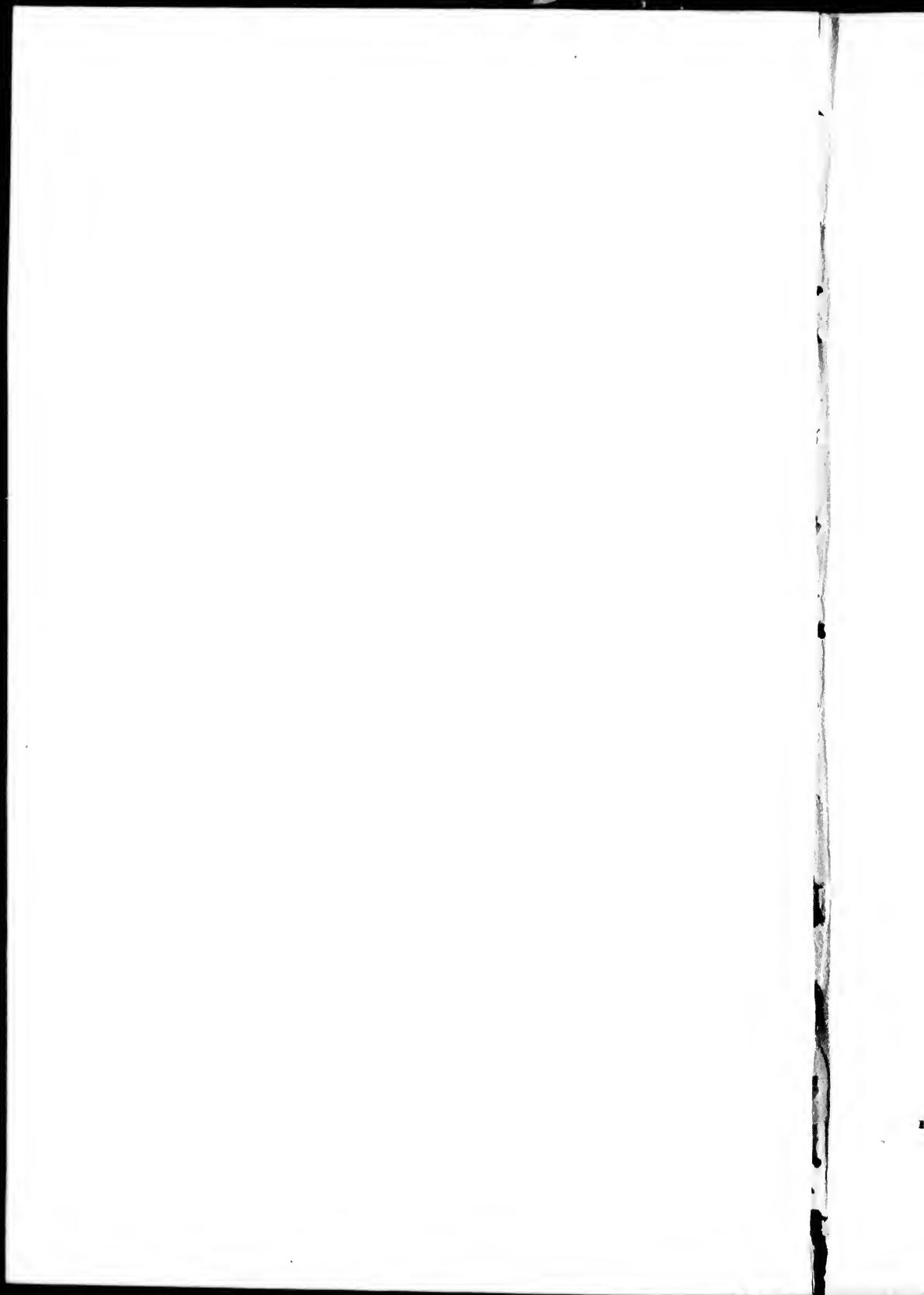
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NOTES ON THE SAGUENAY

FOR

TOURISTS AND OTHERS,

BY

SAMUEL J. KELSO.

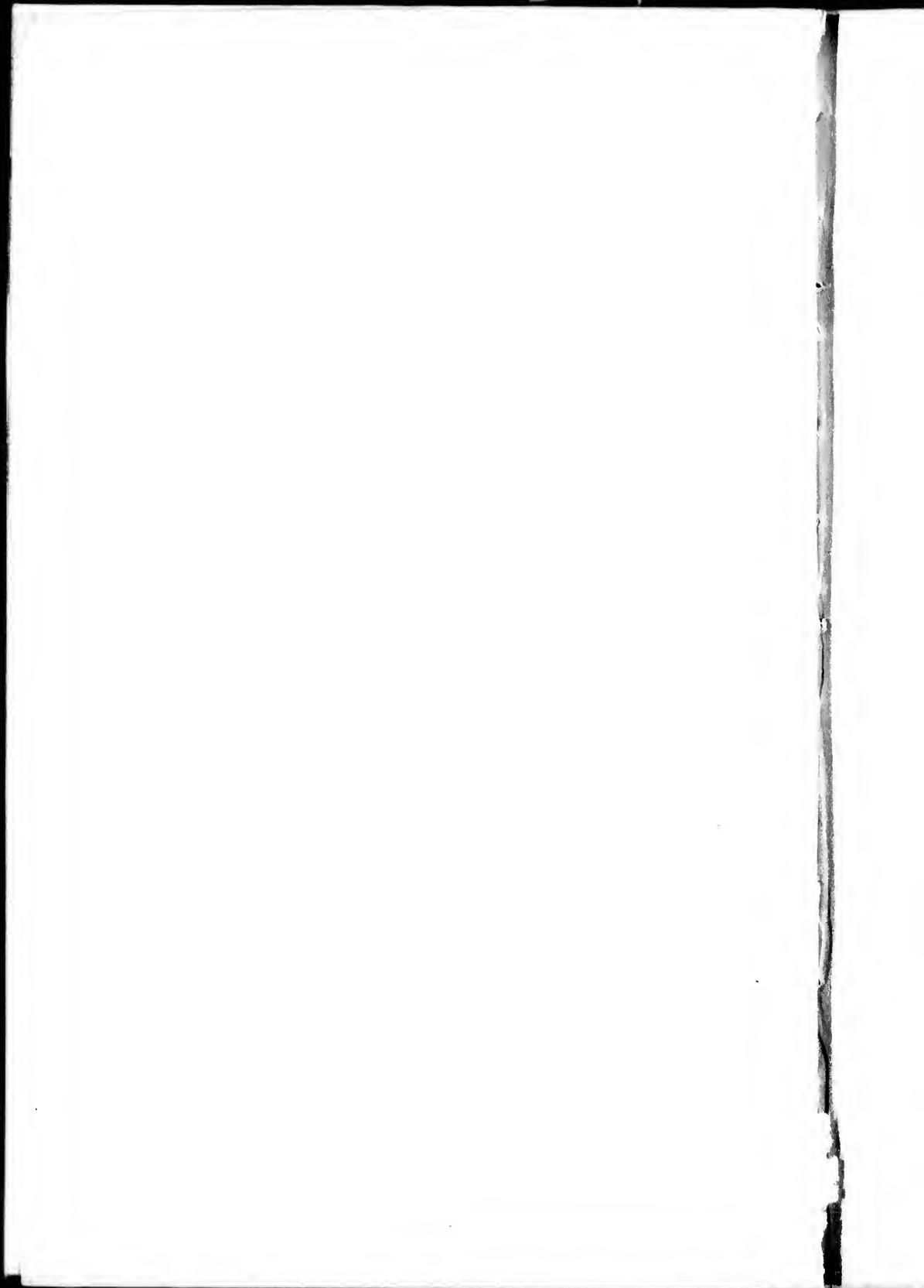
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1883.



INDEX.

PREFACE.

NOTE 1.—Extracts from D. E. Pries's letter on the Saguenay, &c., &c.

NOTE 2.—Chicoutimi to Quebec in Winter.

NOTE 3.—“ Sailing down de banks of de Ohio. ”

NOTE 4.—Hotels.

NOTE 5.—Scenery in Canada.

NOTE 6.—Taking possession.

NOTE 7.—The Hon. Hudson's Bay Company.

NOTE 8.—An Indian Duel.

NOTE 9.—An Incident in the life of McLeod

NOTE 10.—Chicoutimi.

NOTE 11.—Presentation of Indian Chiefs to the Earl of Elgin.

NOTE 12.—Saguenay Farms, &c.

NOTE 13.—Education.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PREFACE.

The following pages are presented to the Public in a comparatively rude and unfinished state. They contain merely the germ of a fictitious narrative now in the course of preparation, to be entitled "*Milapenuish, or the setting of the Morning Star,*" and, which, it is hoped will be found more acceptable to the general reader than the present tract can pretend to be.

Every circumstance related in these "Notes" is strictly *true*, and the author hopes that this single merit will hide a multitude of deficiencies.

Parties for the first time sailing up the River Saguenay and surveying with emotions of wonder its steep, rocky shores are apt to imagine that they are beholding a country quite unfit for civilized beings to dwell in. We hope to enlighten the Tourist on this subject and to amuse him as well as to open the eyes of the Canadian people to the state of affairs in this remote part of the country.

HIGH SCHOOL, June 1862.

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NOTE No. 1.

EXTRACTS FROM D. E. PRICE'S LETTER ON THE SAGUENAY, &c., &c.

Extract from " Replies to questions submitted to Mr. D. E. Price, M. P. P.
of Chicoutimi and Saguenay by order of the Select Committee, appointed
by the Legislative Assembly of Canada " on Emigration."

QUEBEC, 6th April, 1860.

" I reside at Chicoutimi, on the river Saguenay, and have been intimately
acquainted with that territory for the last twenty-two years—and have
resided there for 14 years. There is no bad soil, and where mountains or
barren rocks do not prevail, the soil is of the very best; consisting of
strong and light clay, heavy and light yellow loam, black soil or decayed
vegetable matter, with a clay or loam subsoil. The climate I consider
rather similar to (if any difference more favorable than) Quebec although
we have the two extremes of heat and cold for a week or so during sum-
mer and winter, owing to its northern position. But the Saguenay being a
valley between very high mountains, it is sheltered from the Spring blast
of raw winds from the north, north-west, north-east and east, so that our
Spring vegetation is almost equal to the Eastern Townships, and far in
advance of Quebec and the borders of the St. Lawrence, in May and June
when those raw winds prevail.

" Pine exists in certain quantities, but the climate is rather to the north for
any quantity, the greater part of what there was, has been already con-
sumed or destroyed by fire: but there is still, I hope, a certain quantity to
keep the trade at present in existence there for the next two years; but it
is not the large girth, and fine long Pine, we find more to the west and

"outh of the Province. Almost any kind of Spring-sown grain will grow with us to perfection. Our soil, as well as our climate, is particularly adapted to the culture of Flax and Hemp. *There is an ample supply of laborers in the place.* Temporary employment could not be obtained for Emigrants unless fully competent to work as lumberers, *the supply of which already in the territory is sufficient.* I think with judicious care to colonization we can settle the upper portion of the territory, with the native population of Lower Canada, to whom it is more suited, and send this tide of foreign emigration, if possible, to the Eastern Townships.

"(Signed)

"DAVID E. PRICE."

During the late session of Parliament, a special Committee composed of 19 members of the House was appointed (David E. Price being of the number) to take into consideration the Colonization of the wild lands in Lower Canada. Their Report is dated 5th June, 1862, and among other very good things they recommend that "The colonist after paying the first instalment on his land have the sole right to the timber on that land;" and also: "That the sale of blocks of Crown Lands to individuals or to companies should not take place because it is prejudicial to Colonization."

As far as the Saguenay is concerned, even if the Government put these excellent recommendations into execution they are turning the key in the lock of the empty stable. Mr. Price felicitates himself particularly on the 8th recommendation: "That the Government take into consideration the propriety of terminating as soon as possible the Kenogomi Road in the county of Chicoutimi from Portages des Roches to the head of Lake St. John" There are various other things regarding Chicoutimi and Lake St. John, the propriety of which, the Government will probably take into consideration at the same time.

NOTE No. 2.—CHICOUTIMI TO QUEBEC IN WINTER.

Extracts from Author's Journal:

"Chicoutimi, Feb., Monday, 10 A. M.—Cold—snow falling—Snow Storm threatening.—Hire a carter to take me through to Grand Bay, (12 miles) where I expect to overtake the mail Courier who is to leave in the afternoon for Baie St. Paul."

" 12 noon.—Reach Ha! Ha! Baie Hotel, (Mr. Lord's.) Just finished dinner as Desiré Coté, mail contractor, drives up for me. Am delighted to find that he is going through himself and that he has his horse *Bob*.
 " What a rough looking turnout! Very suggestive of the nature of the roads we will have to travel over! A low, rough, unpainted box, about six feet long, three feet broad, and eighteen inches deep, set on rakish looking runners, is our sleigh. The forward part is packed with hay. At the back is a narrow board covered with a piece of oxhide skin for a seat. But then we have a capital horse in the shafts. *Bob* is not very showy, but is the right stuff, not an ounce of spare fat on his body, he holds his thin wirey neck erect, and his small well shaped ears are incessantly moving and turning with electric starts, and then when he trots he strikes the snow so lightly that we think he scarcely touches it. Although 17 years old it would be difficult to find a superior horse for a *Voyageur* than he. And if *Bob* is a good horse, Desiré is a good man. Persevering, courageous and good natured, with the constitution of a horse, no one needs fear to trust himself to Desiré Coté."

" 2.30 p. m.—Meet and pass Mr. Price bound from Grand Bay to Chicoutimi. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather and the prospect of a rough passage to Quebec feel my blood circulate more freely and my spirits expand to think that my back is towards Chicoutimi.

" 3 p. m.—Stop for a few minutes at Grand Bay to take in the Mail Bags. Take a fresh departure, and, in the face of a blinding snow storm we turn away into the Baie St. Paul Road."

" 11 p. m.—Reach the first camp—a small log hut, almost buried to the roof in a snow drift. Old *Bob* is brought in and tied up on one side of the stove while we sit down, at the other, to a hearty supper of bread, pork and tea, washing the whole down with a thimble full of gin. After a short smoke and some speculations on the prospects for to-morrow, we spread our Buffalo robe on the floor and lie down for the night."

" Tuesday, 8 a. m.—Get up—wash,—take breakfast—a repetition of yesterday's supper. Find that although the snow has ceased to fall there is nearly a couple of feet of fresh snow on the ground—however, as Desiré says that we will have worse weather soon, we prepare to start, hoping that thus we will be able to reach the next camp before the coming storm overtakes us."

" 9 a. m.—After a good deal of labor, plunging through a drift of snow, we have again succeeded in taking the road, and proceed at a slow deliberate walk, *Bob* often up to the saddle girth in snow."

" 12, noon.—Meet four or five Baie St. Paul *Voyageurs*, who are forcing their horses that they may reach Grand Bay before the storm bursts forth. The Canadians well understand the signs of the weather. I could see no signs whatever of an extraordinary storm. We now advance with more ease, the snow being a good deal furrowed by the Baie St. Paul travellers. We are now in the middle of the bush. The wind is howling and tear-

"ing round in gusts—the drifting snow is like sand—more like sago than like snow."

"1, p. 5.—We have reached Lake Ha! Ha! The storm is now raging, and as we issue from the woods and take the ice we feel its fury. Bob's long mane and tail are blown out at right angles to his body, and he breaks into a gallop. The small, hard flakes of snow are flying in clouds parallel to the surface of the lake and right on our beam, to use a nautical expression. The scene is picturesque and frightful in the extreme. Had our horse stumbled or anything happened to check our career across the lake we would have infallibly perished. In a few minutes we have crossed the lake, and whirling round a corner come on a small log camp. We stop here for half an hour, have a little refreshment and boldly face the storm again. I do not know any other two men who would have left this camp in the circumstance; and we were very near having to pay for our hardihood with our lives. Desiré was determined to go ahead, and I said nothing to dissuade him from doing so. We proceed now leisurely through the bush—for the most part a succession of ascents—Desiré walking behind. Although we are quite aware that the storm continues to rage by the tremendous noise of its bellowing in the woods, sheltered by the trees, we do not suffer much on account of it."

"5, p. 5.—It is now dark and we are slowly emerging from the woods. The storm is appalling. Poor Bob is greatly fatigued, and Desiré is silent and thoughtful—a sure sign that he apprehends danger, still we are slowly progressing. Our safety appears to depend entirely on Bob's capacity to stand it out. Suddenly we see, stretching out before us an immense snow-drift, and we feel that our poor jaded horse cannot possibly take us through. However, Desiré turns his head to the drift, and urges him on. Bob dashes forward, and is instantly buried in the drift—we see only his head, as groaning in despair he turns it from side to side. It is now quite dark—the storm is at its height—what are we to do? To describe the toil and terrors of the two hours that followed would be tedious: I say terrors, not that either Desiré or myself showed any signs of personal fear. Whatever doubts we might have had as to how the adventure was to end we kept to ourselves. The first thing we did was to unharness Bob and try to force him backwards and forwards through the drift, with the intention of breaking it up, but our labor was fruitless. After infinite labor Desiré got his horse safely to the other side of the drift, probably a distance of 40 yards, but once across he could not be induced to return. Desiré shouted, coaxed and whipped in vain. We, therefore, had to break the road ourselves, which at last we succeeded in doing, to a partial extent. We then discharged our sleigh. Desiré, taking the shafts, I pushed behind, and after a great amount of exertion we got it through the drift. Desiré now harnessed Bob in the sleigh, while I made two or three trips back for the mail-bags, provisions, &c., &c. In due course of time we started afresh, and a couple of hours afterwards reached the camp in safety. De-

"siré had worked so hard that when he reached the camp he was bathed in perspiration, and I was warm enough also. Poor Bob was encased in ice—the snow had frozen on his body—we had, therefore, to cut him out of the sleigh, and bring him into the camp to thaw beside the stove before we could take off his harness. After this heating operation, he exhibited no signs of having undergone any extraordinary fatigue, but took his oats with evident satisfaction."

At the risk of exciting a sneer or two from a certain class of my readers, for which, to speak the truth, I care very little indeed, I cannot allow myself to recount this little incident without expressing my solemn conviction that we owed our lives, on this occasion, to the protecting goodness of Almighty God. Many a man perished in the same storm, and we were in imminent peril. Had we not succeeded in getting our horse and sleigh through the drift, we would have been obliged to attempt to reach camp on foot. It is just possible that Desiré, a man of an iron constitution, might have thus saved his life. As far as I was concerned, it was quite impossible, and I would consider myself guilty of cowardly ingratitude if I were ashamed to thus publicly acknowledge my obligations to God, who saved my life then, as in his great goodness He has done before on other occasions. To those who may consider these remarks egotistical, I have to say that I very much regret that they should look on them in that light; but, to those who are of opinion that God does not interfere to protect his creatures when danger threatens, or who may be disposed to pronounce me a fool because I think differently, I have no remark to make further than that they are welcome to entertain and enjoy either opinion, at least, so far as I am personally concerned.

S. J. K.

"Wednesday, 10 A. M.—We are on the road again, and proceeding slowly but steadily, nothing the worse of last night's adventure. We are continually meeting proofs of the severity of yesterday's storm. Hundreds of large trees lying about in every direction, bear witness to the fury of the blast. Travelling all day, but slowly, on account of the depth of snow on the roads, we reached Baie St Paul late at night—hear that there has been great destruction of property by the storm."

"Baie St. Paul, Thursday, 8 A. M.—Bid adieu to Desiré Côté—promise to send him a tobacco pipe *in memoriam*. Hire another carter (Moïse Côté), and off again."

"12 Noon.—Take dinner at the inn at the 'Barrier' or Baie St. Paul Road Toll-gate—continue on the road until 6 P. M., when we come to a halt for the night. Shortly after supper a couple of sleighs with a party of Baie St. Paul ladies arrive from Quebec. They report great damage done by the storm, and that the road is in a desperate state, between snow drifts and fallen trees; sleep soundly, all this notwithstanding."

"Friday, 8 A. M.—On the road again; bad weather, but promises to clear
 "up. 1 P. M.—Halt for dinner—not to stop again until we reach Quebec.
 "4 30 P. M.—Quebec—carter discharged—my voyage of 180 miles com-
 "pleted. Expenses about \$20. Feel a little weather-beaten. Find Quebec
 "turned upside down, the good folks doing all they can to amuse them-
 "selves. They appear to have a holy horror of Lent, and wish to make the
 "most of the few days intervening before its commencement. How true it
 "is that one half of the ills of life are of our own creation. With this sage
 "reflection I retire for the night, and the probability is will sleep very
 "soundly."

NOTE No. 3—"SAILING DOWN DE BANKS OB DE OHIO."

It would be quite superfluous to attempt to describe and give the names
 of the various points of interest which will strike the Tourists' attention
 on his way down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay Rivers. The Falls
 of Montmorenci—the picturesquely situated and pretty villages—the
 remarkable mountains, the lighthouses—and, in fact, all the points of pecu-
 liar interest will be pointed out by the very courteous Captain Howard, of
 the steamer *Magnet*, or the traveller may refer to his Guide-Book. We
 therefore dismiss this subject with a single caution: *Be on deck when enter-
 ing the River Saguenay.* The view is magnificent and must not be lost,
 and, being on deck, continue there for a few moments, and you will have an
 opportunity of seeing the celebrated River Ste. Marguerite. On this river
 H. R. II., the Prince of Wales fished—we regret to add, unsuccessfully; and,
 on this river he was saved from the imminent peril of finding a watery
 —pair of inexpressibles, by the daring and courageous act of D. E. Price,
 Esq. Mr. Price rushed to the rescue. His R. H. with a grace peculiarly his
 own, threw his leg across Mr. Price's shoulder, and reached dry land amidst
 the enthusiastic cheers and suppressed laughter of the agonized crowd. It
 is said that there will be a monument erected on the spot, by parties con-
 cerned, but we attribute this report to idle rumour. It certainly was fully
 anticipated that D. E. Price would have been knighted for this loyal act.
 Some say that H. R. II. had not, at that time, received his knighting instru-
 ment from Her Majesty, while others affirm that Mr. Price refused the offer.
 Some future Macaulay will perhaps be able to shed some light on this
 subject, which is, at present, enshrouded in obscurity.

EXTRACTED FROM THE "MONTREAL GAZETTE," JULY 15TH, 1860.

Tuesday morning is fresh and fine. There are a few cirrus clouds which give promise of occasional shade, and perhaps a shower, but not heavy rain. From many fires in the woods there is a good deal of smoke in the air. The *Magnet* herself has steam up, and she is admirably adapted for the work she has to do. Built of iron, and that strongly, she is further divided into compartments, and has a powerful engine. This seems to render the life-boats, &c., with which she is provided quite an unnecessary, but still an always comfortable precaution. The good-natured countenance of Capt. Howard, so well known to all Montreal travellers, is assurance that nothing will be wanting on the part of the master of the boat to make the trip in every way agreeable. The same may be said of the officers under him. They are all zealous in their work.

We start at 8 A. M.; and as we turn round the point, we take a parting look, in the *banale* phrase, at the frowning battlements and glistening tinned roofs on the heights of Quebec, which with the great harbour and its shipping and the surrounding landscape and distant mountains, are really a beautiful and magnificent picture, to which there are few rivals in the world; and if one has seen it before, one is glad to see it yet again. We go down with the ebbing tide, and pass quickly the large Isle of Orleans, inspecting as closely as we can, with the naked eye and with opera glasses, particular objects connected with the farms and villages upon it. The trees and grass both look very freshly green—remarkably so, considering the long dry weather; and the long, almost eternal, street of white houses, and barns and villages, and churches, on both shores of the river for miles counted by the hundred, gives palpable proof how firmly and tenaciously the French Canadians have taken root and flourished and increased in this northern country, stern and hard in many of its features and mountain scenery, severely cold in winter, but yet possessing a soil which yields ample return to the not too great nor yet scientific labors of the husbandman. Up to very tops of mountains one sees the habitations of these hardy and simple children of the soil, on the heights of *Les Eboulements* one sees even a village with its spired church. Cool and pleasant and airy it must be to live on those mountains in the summer time—the altitude affecting the temperature to the extent, of I don't know how many degrees, of north latitude, apart from the question of shelterless exposure; but in the short days, or—

“ In the long nights of winter
When the cold north winds blew,”

one would not stand still very long, I guess, to admire the beauty of the daylight or starlight scenery. A Montreal gentleman and his family left the *Magnet* at the splendid Chabot wharf here, to spend their summer among these mountains, carrying with them their furniture, “traps” &c., to keep house; and they will assuredly have a romantic summer home.

Before we reached *Les Eboulements*, and after leaving the Island of Or-

leans, we sail close under the high lands of the northern shore. **Cape Tourment**, among these, is an object of particular attraction. The faces of all these high lands are mostly steep and rocky down to the water's edge; they look hard and inhospitable, but yet are covered with a growth of stunted trees. **St. Paul's Bay** and the **Isle aux Coudres** give us pictures of great beauty, the leading features of which are mountains and cultivation, with a beautiful expanse of water between. A well-informed gentleman on board told me that at **Isle aux Coudres** French Canadians of the most perfect type are to be found; that these, more than those living elsewhere, have been isolated and have less felt the influence of the British occupation. My informant said they still retain the manners and customs they brought with them from Normandy, and that the old salutation with the kiss on both cheeks is not uncommon. Certainly they have a very beautiful island of their own to live on.

We reached **Murray Bay**, I think at about three o'clock in the afternoon; and here a considerable number of our passengers go on shore, and we regret to lose them. It is parting with so much agreeable company; much of it composed of familiar faces; all of it very pleasant. When people are out taking a summer tour of this kind they have nothing else to do but to make themselves agreeable, and each to make his neighbor happy in as far as possible. Not to do so would be piggish; and our party happened to be nothing of the kind. There is here, too, another of Mr. Chabot's splendid wharves—very useful, if expensive, for such occasions as this. A great many articles of divers kinds are unloaded here. **Murray Bay** is now a fashionable watering place; according to **Capt. Howard**, the most fashionable on the river. It has the advantage of grandly beautiful scenery, and a fine beach for bathing. Although some forty-five or fifty miles higher up than **Cakonna**; the water is saltier but, I understand, it is colder; and this, I learn, is the case all along the north shore. Why the water should be colder on the north shore than the south I cannot tell. Local influences may account for the difference at **Murray Bay**.

Leaving **Murray Bay** we stretch out on a grand expanse of water. The **St. Lawrence** here begins to assume the proportions of a river giant, being from fifteen to twenty miles broad, with a range of mountains for the north shore, and a more level and more cultivated country for the south.

Pleasantly steaming on for some three or four hours, making the most of the sea air and the sunshine, we arrive at **Rivier du Loup** between six and seven o'clock, just as the setting sun has tinged the village and the surrounding country with golden hues. The wharf is now filled with a long line of caleches, not one title of which could obtain employment from the passengers of the steamer. But there was no jostling, no crowding, no shouting, no forcing of services on persons who did not want them. All was quiet and order. I walked along the line of vehicles free from the slightest importunity. At last I asked one of the drivers what he would charge me, *et deux dames*, around the Village and environs—a good long

drive. "*Un ecu,*" replied the man. I was astonished at his reasonableness. I expected a far more exorbitant demand, and probably astonished him by suddenly saying "*C'est bon ; j'irai.*" He offered to take us to Kakouna for a dollar. At River du Loup, while the steamer was waiting, I took my first dip in salt water on the beach. It was rather cool, but refreshing.

We cross over to Tadousac during the night, and a number cross with us, taking their fishing tackle with them, to get off at L'Anse a L'eau to kill salmon trout. I learn they have mostly all excellent success. An amateur from Quebec who crossed with us in the morning, told me, when we called again in the evening, he had killed eleven at one tide during the day, the least of which weighed a pound and a half each. This was very good; but the *experts* do more efficient execution, and kill much larger fish. Of all modes of fishing, I cannot imagine any more health-giving and exciting than this. You sit on the rocks and cast your fly on the surface of the dark waters of the Saguenay as the tide rolls up, so, besides fishing, you have the advantages of scenery, sun and air. I regretted that my time and duties would not allow me to linger. A big salmon trout which has jumped at the fly is very lively and strong, and does not believe in being pulled out of the water. He will take plenty of line before he allows himself to be so. By next season, as I purpose shortly to tell, there will be good hotel accommodation at Tadousac for visitors. (*See Advertisement.*)

With the early morning we sail up the Saguenay. The wind blows freshly and coldly down, and it makes you put on warm clothing. You cannot face it with a thin dress with impunity. But it is none of your damp, chilling influences. It is a bracing mountain breeze, although you are led to fancy it must have had birth somewhere in the neighborhood of the north pole; and as it gullies down between the precipitous sides of the river, you get the advantage of it. It is a strange contrast to the heat of the city. But one wishes it did not blow quite so hard, and was not quite so cold. As, however, the sun gains height, it gains the mastery, and we are very much obliged to it for its genial warmth. The Saguenay itself strikes the beholder in different ways, just as the Falls of Niagara do, and descriptions of the former are coming to be like descriptions of the latter, exceedingly difficult to do well, exceedingly trite if not done well. I therefore purpose to be brief, as I have proved myself before on this subject, and confine myself to a sketch of general features, leaving to the imagination of those readers who have not been up the Saguenay to supply the filling in. From the mouth to Ha! Ha! Bay, the distance is sixty miles. The average width about one mile. It is two and a half miles in some places; in others not more than half a mile. Both sides are precipitous rocks, rising from 300 to 1,500 feet high from the water's edge, for the distances I have just mentioned. Both sides are thickly covered with stunted trees of different kinds, which find their nourishment in the crevices of the rocks. These consist of sienitic granite and gneiss. Capes Trinity and Eternity are the highest of the whole. They rise steep walls 1,500 feet from the water's edge. The

water at their base is also immensely deep, being nearly 150 fathoms. The water, though very clear, is black looking. Salmon-trout go freely up it, notwithstanding the presence of the large saw-mills at Chicoutimi, where they have existed these many years. At the mouth or debouchure into the St. Lawrence the depth is from 20 to 30 fathoms, but on entering it suddenly deepens to 100, 108, 147, 135, 142 fathoms, and so on, with a mud bottom up to Ha! Ha! Bay, which is also very deep, being 95 fathoms in some places; but there is anchorage at the sides, an advantage to the navigator which the river nowhere else affords. The name of the bay is said to arise from this circumstance: the early navigators in sailing vessels, proceeding up a river of this kind for 60 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 unique river is one huge mountain, ript asunder, I think there can be little doubt, at some remote age, by some great convulsion of nature. The reader of these lines who goes to see it—and all ought to do so who have not, for it is one of the great natural wonders of the continent—can add the poetical filling in of the picture from his own imagination. What I am certain of is, that it will strike many men in different ways just as Niagara and the ocean does. It is, beyond all cavil, a “meet nurse for a poetic child.”

The country at the head of the river is well peopled. It was the portion first settled by the Jesuit Fathers. *I believe the country about Lake St. John, the source of the Saguenay, is capable of supporting as large a population as the kingdom of Norway, and that it is as well or better fitted for human habitation.*

There is a beautiful beach for bathing at Tadoussac; it is a wildly romantic place, and one of the ends of civilization. The Messrs. Price, too, I believe, will also erect cottages for families; and I have not the slightest doubt that the whole of these arrangements will have the effect of sending thousands of tourists and others in search of fresh air, down the St. Lawrence, benefiting at once the people who go and the railway and steamboat companies. Those people who have gone once generally go again to spend their summers and take sea-bathing at Kakouma, Metis, Murray Bay, or other St. Lawrence villages down at salt water. A Montreal gentleman who came on board the *Magnet* at River du Loup told me that he had first gone down about fourteen years ago; that the taste of sea air he had then got had given him appetite for it; and that year by year afterwards he has gone to get it again. His family are at Kakouma. He told me that his children when they have failing appetites and drooping health soon come under the influence of the bracing air of this pleasant village. Their standard of health rapidly rises, and they come to have the appetite of sharks. He says that the villagers rent their houses furnished, at rates varying from twenty to fifty dollars a month, and for the rest, people can live quite comfortably and cheaply. They can have their letters and newspapers by railroad from Montreal to River du Loup, a neighboring village, where is a telegraph station. The mails are at Kakouma in an hour after reaching River du Loup. The roads

are excellent, and the ideas of owners and drivers of vehicles quite reasonable, while you are in the neighborhood of good fishing and sporting. Strawberries, blueberries, &c., are in profusion. I believe a distinguished physician of Montreal was the first to start Kakouua as a watering-place.

NOTE 4.—HA ! HA ! BAIE HOTEL

There is an excellent Hotel at Ha ! Ha ! Bay. The host, Mr. Lord, is a Frenchman, and very good fellow. He speaks English fluently, and has taken pains to make himself acquainted with all the points of interest in the District. Visitors cannot do better than take Return tickets for the passage in the *Magnet*, make Lord's Hotel their headquarters for a week or more during the summer months, and employ the time rambling round this remarkable, picturesque and interesting country. *See Advertisement.*

NOTE 5.—SCENERY IN CANADA.

Scenery in some parts of Canada cannot be surpassed for splendor, sublimity and beauty. From one hundred points of observation throughout this magnificent country there may be seen at one glance the towering, inaccessible mountain, the broad, silvery surface of the expansive lake—unsurveyed tracts of undulating forest stretching to the north, to the south, to the east and to the west—the thundering cataract, the graceful waterfall, the winding, sparkling, gurgling mountain stream—and all o'er canopied by a smiling Italian sky and enveloped in the purest, the most transparent and delicious of atmospheres. For—

“Thus the heavens and the earth was finished.”

Large tracts of such gorgeous landscapes are now in the same state as they existed when Adam tilled the garden of Eden, and, when the Almighty Creator, resting on the Seventh day, and gazing on the stupendous work of his hands, declared the whole created fabric in all its minuteness and immensity, very good—

“Great are thy works, Jehovah ;

“Infinite thy power.”

The wild beasts of the forest have for ages wandered through these Canadian solitudes unmolested ; once, perhaps, in a cycle of years startled by the curling smoke from some Indian wigwam, or by the joyous song of the In-

dian hunter, chorused by his squaw and little ones as they gracefully guided their fairy canoe through the windings and mazes of the mountain and woodland stream. And must these romantic domains be one day divested of every poetic charm? Must these stupendous forests be converted into the merchantable timber of the Quebec market? Must these transparent lakes and silvery streams and shaded bays, at present known only to the wild-fowl and the roving Indian, cease to re-echo the scream of the one, and the soft plaintive chaunt of the other? And must their overhanging cliffs give a reluctant response to the profane, city-born song of the Anglo-Saxon or the French Canadian, as they lazily steer their clumsy craft in the wake of the noisy, smoking, shrieking steam-tug? We fear it must be so. We think we have already heard the knell sounded of the departing glories of these Canadian solitudes, and we humbly bow to the will of the Creator. *But*, if we are to see these grand domains prostituted to the service of man, we are, as a nation, under a solemn responsibility to God to see that this immense gift is used for the benefit of the country, and for the glory of the Generous Giver. It is our duty to see that if these lands are to be wrenched from the Indian, that they are handed over to those who will cultivate and improve them. If it does appear to be the will of God that the Indian shall now resign his ancient birth-right, and retire before the axe of the white man, handing over to us his home and his patrimony, let us take care that this inevitable sacrifice on the part of the poor, desolated Indian shall be so turned to account that their descendants, if not themselves, having learned through our instrumentality the Gospel of Peace, may be able to lift up their adoring eyes to heaven exclaiming, "The Judge of all the earth has done right."

NOTE 6TH.—TAKING POSSESSION.

It is the fashion to say in Quebec that the Price Company opened the Saguenay, and that, in addition to the immense receipts arising from the timber monopoly in that county, they ought to receive the thanks of the whole Province.

The Messrs. Price and their allies might whistle this tune as long as they thought proper for anything we care, were it not that they appear to excuse their conduct in the Saguenay, on the ground that they are the author of its existence.

They would appear to argue, "we have rescued the man from drowning; we have, therefore, an indisputable right to choke him if it should be our interest to do so." Therefore, in reply to their very incorrect statements, we say: *The Saguenay was opened by the late Peter McLeod, Jr., Esq., and not by the Price Company.*

It is well known that to the transcendent talents of the late Peter McLeod we owe the opening of the Saguenay. No one will be long in any part of Saguenay without hearing McLeod's name mentioned.

There is a great deal of romance and poetry, and still more of the stern reality of modern commercial intrigue connected with his short, eventful history. He was born in the King's Post House, Chicoutimi. He was descended from an ancient Scottish family by his fathers' side, and from the family of an hereditary Indian chief by his mother. He was endowed with extraordinary capacity, and, from his childhood, filled to overflowing with noble and generous sentiments.

He was tall, robust and fascinatingly handsome, and many a man has quailed before the gaze of his black, eagle eye. Well fitted to take a conspicuous place in the annals of his country, nobly he fulfilled his destiny. His career was short but successful. An unexplored wilderness has been opened to civilization, and a thousand ships have found anchorage in Bays and Rivers unknown, and borne to our Fatherland cargoes from a place where but a few years ago the Black Bear and the Loup Cervier held undisputed sway.

Poor McLeod now lies beneath the sod, but a few paces from the house in which he was born. May he rest in peace.

No monument has yet been erected to mark the spot where he sleeps, and although the immense property he so well wielded is now alienated from his family, and possessed by others; and, although the members of his family have been dispersed and poverty stricken, he still lives and reigns in the memories of a thousand hearts. Men, who in his death feel that they have sustained a loss silently to be borne as they cannot entertain even a hope of seeing his equal again. McLeod was truly "a man in a thousand."

NOTE 7TH.—THE HON. THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

The Hudson's Bay Company have a great deal of influence throughout Canada. They possess an immense territory and great wealth, and have used both the one and the other in such a manner as to yield the Company handsome returns, and at the same time they have secured for themselves, on all hands, the enviable reputation of being rigorously and conscientiously just and honorable in all their business transactions. No where are more hospitable men to be found than the officers of this lordly Company. They have secured the confidence of every class of society in Canada. The Indian, the French Canadian and the English resident, alike bear willing tes-

timony to their general bearing as gentlemen, and their unimpeachable characters in all their dealings as commercial men.

With almost unlimited power vested in their hands, and practically under no control of the British Government, they have nobly sustained the character of the British merchant for integrity and honor.

By virtue of the Charter granted to this Company by the English monarch, they have long been lords paramount over thousands of square miles of such magnificent territory as has already been referred to. However, a recent act of the Imperial Legislature has opened a large portion of these lands to public competition, and, although this act is obviously a wise one the immediate consequences of the change, will be the desolation of many a noble landscape.

NOTE 8.—AN INDIAN DUEL.

Duels are far from rare in the "Indian country" as we are accustomed to denominate the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. When duels take place, it is generally between a Hudson's Bay Factor and an Indian Chief. The code of honor having something different in it from what we are accustomed to look for among the civilized nations of Europe, or even among our United States friends, of bowie-knife notoriety; it may not be uninteresting to the reader if we give a short account of a duel fought between Manish, an Indian Chief, and John McLeod, an uncle of the late Peter McLeod, of Chicoutimi, and a Chief Factor in the Hudson Bay Company's service. The cause of the "meeting" was simple enough. An Indian offered McLeod a martin skin, and asked in exchange several yards of scarlet cloth. As the cloth was very valuable, and the skin of an inferior quality, he was offered only one yard. The Indian had agreed to accept of one yard in exchange for the skin, when Manish interfered, and called him a fool. Whereupon McLeod ordered the chief to retire, and to attend to his own business, adding some insulting remark. This was answered by a challenge to single combat, which was at once accepted. It was mutually agreed between the parties that the meeting should take place in an adjoining valley, the following day; that each party should be attended by his friends, who might come on the ground armed, if they chose to do so; that the weapons used should be the common sheath hunting knife; that two such knives should be stuck in the ground, and that they were to run for the knives, each take one, and the encounter was not to be suspended till one lay dead. That night was spent at the Post House cleaning up arms, and getting ready for the next day's encounter. McLeod could boast of only seven friends, all however Scotchmen, and hard cases at that; and, it was

quite possible, that in the event of the chief's death there might be a general attack from the Indians, who numbered at least **one hundred** and fifty men.

Our worthy Scotchmen passed a merry night over the whiskey bottle, and after a hearty breakfast and two or three "horns," arrived on the field of battle, armed to the teeth. Here they found the Indians anxiously waiting to witness the combat. McLeod steps forward, and heartily shakes hands with the Indian chief, Manish. The distance is duly measured off, the knives are stuck in the ground, twelve inches apart. The combatants are placed side by side, Manish almost naked; McLeod in his customary office clothes, with the addition of a heavy pair of top boots.

The feeling of excitement is now intense. In a few moments one of these stern, stalwart men must be a lifeless corpse. There is not a sound to be heard. McLeod's friends have cocked their guns and taken up a position so as to be able to intercept the Indians, should they venture to rescue their chief. Seconds agree that at the signal of a gun fired in the air by one of the Indians, the combatants should start. Silence! up goes the gun—bang! they are off. Manish has passed McLeod—he reaches the knives—kicks one to a distance of twenty feet—is stooping for the other, when he receives a tremendous blow on the side of his head from McLeod's clenched hand. He is knocked stiff on the ground, and McLeod with terrible energy jumps on his body. All is over. The chief is a mangled corpse; his honor has been duly vindicated.

The white men rush forward and take charge of McLeod, while the astounded Indians crowd around the body of their departed chieftain.

The Indians unanimously admitted the correctness of the whole transaction, and the affair was seldom referred to afterward.

NOTE 9TH.—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JOHN McLEOD.

On one occasion, some years since, McLeod who fought the duel described in the previous "Note," was traversing the Rocky Mountains, in the company of a young man called McLaren, and became short of provisions. Three days had elapsed on which these poor fellows had barely enough food to sustain life. They depended entirely on their guns for their existence, and there was not any game to be found. The third day was wearing away, and they had eaten nothing. McLeod's iron constitution stood it out, but poor young McLaren was obliged to give in and lay down his full length on the ground, immediately under the shade of a high, overhauling rock—to die. McLeod knelt down by his side and tried to encourage him to rise and go on; "Who knows", said he, "perhaps succor is at hand." McLaren replied: "My kind

"good fellow it is impossible, there is no more strength in my poor body. In a few hours I will be dead. I entreat of you to leave me. Why should we both die? If, as you say, succor should be at hand, I know you will hasten back and relieve me—so, my good friend, give me your hand, and good-bye. I have one thing to ask you. If you ever reach—tell Alice"—But stop—and disengaging his hand from McLeod's, stealthily took hold of his loaded gun which lay at his side, cocked it, and without moving, brought it to his shoulder, and, aiming at the top of the overhanging rock, fired. McLeod, astonished in the extreme, looked up, and with a joyful shout jumped to one side, as a large mountain goat came rolling from the top of the rock, and fell on the spot on which he had been standing. McLaren immediately revived, rose and explained that just as he looked up, he saw Fanny poking her nose over the side of the rock, obviously wondering what was taking place below, when a bullet entering under her chin, and escaping between her eyes, induced her to come down and make her observations from a nearer point of view. A royal supper, a good night's rest, and plenty to eat next day, recruited both of our travellers, who ultimately reached—in perfect safety, and McLaren was able, in person, to deliver the message to Alice, which the sudden descent of the goat prevented us from hearing. We regret that we are, therefore, unable to satisfy the curiosity of the ladies as to what the last will and testament of McLaren would have been.

There can be no doubt that McLaren owed the preservation of his life on this occasion to the merciful intervention of that Being who "feedeth the young ravens when they cry."

NOTE 10TH —CHICOUTIMI.

"William was a tall, touchy, rather a good looking fellow,
"But a little too often becomes a little too mellow."

LONGFELLOW.

We will not ask the reader to strain his imagination farther back than to the beginning of the present century; however, long before then the King's Post House at Chicoutimi existed, and it is only a few years since it was the only house within a radius of tens of miles. In this house, as we have said already, the late Peter McLeod, Esq., was born. We wish we could describe the fascinations of the truly Canadian landscape, seen from Chicoutimi Post House, 50 or 60 years ago, or even 20 years ago. At that time there were no saw-mills in the county, and the banks of the noble Saguenay were lined with lofty trees. All around the Post House, twice a year, might be seen the picturesque encampments of the Mountaineer Indians.

On such occasions, when crowded together, dressed in garments made of the most expensive cloths, of brilliant colors, tastefully ornamented with bead-work, the encampment looked more like a flower garden than an assemblage of men and women.

To give an idea of the number of Indians who used to assemble on such occasions, we may state, that on the 1st of January, 1800, a holiday at the Post House, there was drunk, *in glasses*, thirty gallons of rum by the gentlemen, and the same number of gallons of shrub by the lady Indians, encamped at the place. The fact that there was not a single case of drunkenness, testifies at once to the considerable number of Indians present, as well as to their *uncivilized* and temperate habits.

But the last few years has worked a change in Chicoutimi. Chicoutimi has now its Court House and Jail, Priests, Lawyers and Doctors, and in a few years will be, we suppose, styled a Town.

NOTE 11.—PRESENTATION OF INDIAN CHIEFS TO THE EARL OF ELGIN, BY THE LATE PETER McLEOD, JR. ESQ.

McLeod, or as he was called by the Indians, *Milaupanish*, was one of those men who are sensitively alive to the honor of the family name. He knew that he had noble Indian blood in his veins, and he was not the man to deny it. It was his peculiar happiness to be looked up to by the Mountaineer Indians as a loving brother, and a powerful friend. Anxious to forward the interests of the Mountain Indians, the tribe to which he belonged, he proposed in the year 184— to Jerome, an Indian Chief, that a deputation consisting of three chiefs should wait upon His Excellency the Earl of Elgin, lay before him their grievances, and respectfully demand redress. Ultimately, it was decided that the project should be put into execution. Milaupanish (being translated—the dawning of the morning) agreeing to accompany the deputation as interpreter, generously volunteering to pay all the travelling expenses, besides clothing the chiefs from head to foot, in the peculiar and costly uniform assigned to chiefs of the Mountaineers. As not a single man of this tribe had previously appeared among the habitations of civilization, naturally, the arrival of the deputation, in Montreal, was the source of general interest. We are informed by gentlemen who had the honor of being present, that their interview with His Excellency was a scene never to be forgotten. There stood the Earl surrounded by his handsome and brilliant staff, the very essence of polished, courtly grace, and on the other side stood "Milaupanish," one of nature's noblemen, and unquestionably the handsomest man present, while the three bronzed

gaudily attired chiefs stood stolidly by his side, with as much self-possession, as if they had all their lives dwelt in palaces. It is unnecessary to say that His Excellency dismissed the chiefs with handsome presents, promising to send their tribe a yearly present from that date, a promise which has been faithfully kept.

Pursuant to the order of His Excellency, four large silver medals were struck in commemoration of the event—one to be presented to each chief, and one for "Milanpannish"; and also, at the Earl's special desire, the party sat for their likenesses in a group, which was finished in the highest style of art. This picture, we have no doubt, His Excellency retains to this hour as a memento of this very interesting and, we should add, historical occurrence.

NOTE 12TH.—SAGUENAY FARMING, &c., &c.

We now find the Saguenay dotted here and there with French Canadian settlements. A few words regarding the manners and customs of the settlers will surely be found interesting.

Although an allowance must be made for the poverty of the people, a very good idea may be formed of the general moral character of the French Canadian, from what we see of this very amiable people in the Saguenay.

FARMS.—The farms generally range in size from 40 to 100 acres. They are, for the most part, well fenced off. The fences are strong and well adapted to the peculiar nature of the country, but do not look nearly so well as the hedges and rough stone walls of English farms. In these farms all the usual kinds of grain are raised, such as wheat, rye, corn, &c. In their gardens they raise every kind of vegetable. They also grow tobacco which, when mixed with "Virginia," is very pleasant to smoke. There is an abundance of wild fruit in the county, especially blue, rasp and strawberries. There is no reason why many of the orchard fruits are not introduced into the Saguenay. Probably some years hence when some radical change has taken place in Saguenay trade, and when the inhabitants are more prosperous than they are to-day, fruit trees will be introduced, with many other items of necessity and comfort, at present strangers to the county.

CATTLE.—Canadian horses are celebrated everywhere for many excellent qualities. They can bear a surprising amount of fatigue, and travel great distances on consecutive days without sustaining any injury. Every *Habitant* has his horse, and he takes peculiar pride in turning out in good condition on Sundays and fete days. A stranger would be astonished to see the great number of horses and sleighs before church doors at Chicoutimi Grand Bay, or St. Alphonse, while mass is being celebrated. For, accustomed to associate the possession of a "turnout," with a well furnished house

and a prosperous position in society generally, he could hardly at first credit that these horses and sleighs belonged to the poor inhabitants of the surrounding country. No wonder the Duke of Newcastle, when writing to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, expressed astonishment at the immense number of horses and sleighs which turned out for the use of the troops on the South Shore of the St. Lawrence. No wonder he said it "was extraordinarily remarkable." Canadians, in the Saguenay, appear to have little or no idea of the importance of improving the breeds of cattle by crossing and care in feeding, &c.; the result is that the cattle are small animals, yielding poor milk and butter, and worse beef. Their breed of pigs are very poor. Too long in the nose, body, tail, legs and ears, and the commonest breed of sheep in the Saguenay, are diminutive.

It is a notorious fact that in Spring, on very many farms in the Saguenay, cattle are little better than walking skeletons, and the sight they present is shocking to humane eyes. Covered with the accumulated dirt of six months' stabling, and their bones protruding through the skin. In many cases too weak to stand, much less to walk, they are dragged out by the horns and tail to breathe the fresh Spring air, and extract what nourishment they may from the scanty herbage. If they live—*c'est bon*—if they die—*n'importe*. In the latter case their hides are converted into moccasins, and our farmer and his sons dance holes in them with all the *sang froid*, and with all the grace of the descendants of the most accomplished of mankind. We regret, further, to be obliged to report that the Habitant farmers, in the Saguenay, keep their barns and out-houses in a shocking state of filth, and the barns themselves are generally very badly built. Much must be forgiven on account of the newness of the country, and the difficulty of living where there is only one market for produce, and where almost every article purchased, costs twice as much as it is worth; nevertheless, we would urge on the farmer the propriety of improving his stock, and then taking a little more care of them than he does at present.

CLIPPING—The French Canadians, in the Saguenay, make their own clothes, boots, &c. We must confess our ignorance of the different processes which the wool undergoes before it appears in the shape of blankets, coats, shawls, &c.; but, certain it is, that the various transformations are all the work of the *Habitant* and his family. One thing which immediately strikes the attention of an Englishman when first he sees; for example, on Sunday, a crowd of rural population, is the absence of that boorishness in dress and manners which stamp the same class in England.

DWELLING HOUSES.—As far as the aspect of their houses is concerned, the *Habitant* is infinitely behind the English or Yankees in the same position of society. A Canadian house is, for the most part, well built, well lighted, well roofed and shingled; but having built a water-tight, air-tight house, his ambition has reached its climax. He does not appear to think it a matter of the least importance whether its elevation resembles more nearly a Roman Villa or Irish barn. He wastes no time beautifying the ground

surrounding it. We see no rose bush or honey suckle blooming under its shade, nor do we see a neatly painted railing surrounding the house to protect the door steps from the inquisitive snouts of their greyhound swine. There it stands in all its cold, naked, unfinished, repulsive angularity, a cheerless, inartistic structure. Near it, no doubt, the *Habitant* usually has his garden; but this, so far from being an improvement is a positive blot. His garden is neither square, round or of any known curve, and is surrounded by a high, unsightly split rail fence.

HOUSEHOLD ARRANGEMENTS.—Much of what we have said regarding the want of taste displayed on his house externally, may be repeated with regard to the internal arrangements. Never have we seen painted or papered walls, carpeted floors, or neatly furnished rooms. A rough, carelessly made partition, as carelessly nailed up constitutes, in most cases, the walls of the rooms. The furniture is not only always rude, but always defective. Four or five chairs bearing no family resemblance to each other, a rough deal table, a wooden cupboard, a large iron stove, in the centre of the room, and a bed in the corner, is a good deal above the average style of furniture,

VICTUALLING.—Canadians consume a great deal of pork. Pork appears in every dish, stews, fries, ragouts, &c. Every dish has pork in it. Their bread is made of their own flour, and baked in ovens of a construction peculiar to the country. We will, therefore, give a slight description of such an oven.

HABITANT OVENS.—In the neighborhood of the house is constructed a roughly hewn frame or platform, eight or nine feet long, and four to five feet broad. This is covered with a layer of bricks. A wooden arch frame is placed on this platform, and built over with bricks, stones and mortar. The whole is then allowed to dry, the frame work is knocked away, and the oven is completed. When they wish to bake they fill this oven with dry wood, set it on fire and allow it to burn to ashes. The ashes is then cleared out, and ten or a dozen loaves, in tin pans, are pushed in; the mouth of the oven is closed, and in due time the bread is baked. We never could eat their bread—it has a sodden, bitterish taste, but the *Habitants* appear to relish it very much.

VICTUALLING CONTINUED.—Our *Habitants* eat potatoes at every meal—very few indulge in tea; those who do, however, give *green* the preference, and a horrid liquid it is when concocted by a Canadian. Codfish, herrings and some other kinds of fish are consumed in quantities. (suppose we say *certain quantities*.) In summer the *Habitants* have generally a fair supply of milk, such as it is, but summer or winter water is their principal beverage. They dispense with everything in the shape of ceremony at meals. The dish containing the molasses, ragout or stew is placed in the centre of the table; the family cluster round, sometimes finding seats on chairs, sometimes on boxes or logs of wood, and often kneeling. Each individual is armed with a piece of bread, from which he breaks a small piece, and, placing it scier-

tifically e. the end of his knife, (which he always carries in his pocket) scoops up as much as possible of the common property in the dish. The whole scene is patriarchal and antediluvian in character; but although possessing the charm of simplicity, it is scarcely calculated to strike the Englishman's fancy as an improvement on the more modern system when table covers, and a moderate supply of chairs, plates and cutlery are provided. As Canadians all work in the open air, and have no intellectual labors to unsettle their stomachs, notwithstanding that their daily fare is far from luxurious, it is wholesome and well digested.

The Canadians, in Saguenay, are very intelligent, extremely polite, and good natured. There is comparatively little vice among them, and if they were not borne down by the direct and indirect pressure of circumstances which have been already alluded to, there can be no reasonable doubt that this county would rapidly become as prosperous as any other district in Canada.

With the sentiments in the following extract, we entirely coincide so far as the Saguenay is concerned.

From the *Morning Chronicle* of Wednesday, 29th January, 1862 :

LIBERALITY OF THE LOWER CANADIANS.—The *Leader* analyzing the religious divisions of Lower Canada remarks: "Fortunately the catholicism of Lower Canada is of an exceedingly mild and tolerant type. If every people were as free from bigotry as the French Canadians the amount of religious rancor in the world would be sensibly diminished. This does not arise from indifference, for their are few people more truly devout than the French Canadians. A superficial glance at the above table (the census table) might lead a stranger to the conclusion that the religious subdivisions of Lower Canada presented excellent material for chronic quarrels. With the preponderance of the church of Rome, in presence of so many denominations, there is less sectarian bitterness in Lower Canada than in most other countries." Our contemporary, adds the *Chronicle*, records a fact which must have forcibly struck every dispassionate observer of public opinion and social life in this section of the Province, &c., &c.

NOTE 13TH—EDUCATION.

It is almost incredible what a large proportion of the adult population can neither read nor write. We are quite convinced that not four per cent. possess either accomplishment, and this small per centage neither write or read correctly. We do not think, notwithstanding, the number of schools now in existence that education is making any considerable advance. At these schools the young are taught to read and write a little, to say the Roman

Catholic catechism, and to rattle off a long string of monotonous prayers. At the conclusion of every school term there is usually a grand display of the proficiency acquired during the session, which is neither more nor less than a piece of downright nonsense. There is a display of the theatrical and oratorical capabilities of the children, but they undergo no real examination on those subjects which are usually supposed to constitute the bases of a good education. Priests and people, and even the School Inspector wink at this absurdity, and, in fact, appear to like it rather than not.

Things which we do not understand, or rather, things which we *do* understand too well. For the year 1861:

THE SAGUENAY SLIDES COST \$1108, 60.

RETURNS.—NIL.

Now when it is borne in mind that a couple of years ago these slides cost the Government upwards of \$41,000, is it too much to ask that parties be compelled to pay the toll on the logs which they bring through them?

In 1861, there was cut in the Saguenay 150,000 logs—duty \$12,500 yet all the money remitted to the Exchequer by George Duberger, Esq., Crown Timber Agent was \$4186,55. We come, therefore, to the conclusion that of the amount \$14,300 (slideage 1,800, and duty 12,500) only \$4166,66 has been paid, and there is still, therefore, a balance of *ten thousand dollars* yet to be accounted for.

Gentle reader, how much do you suppose it cost the Government to collect this \$4166,66? No less than \$1450, or 36 per cent.

Although it is difficult to reach the exact amount paid as duty on logs, inasmuch as that amount is amalgamated with moneys paid in the shape of licenses to cut timber, still we have seen enough to convince us that an *insignificant fraction only* of the lawful Crown dues on timber taken out in the Saguenay has been paid, and we especially call on Canadian Lumberers, who are in the habit of paying taxes, to insist that this matter be thoroughly investigated.

ROYAL MAIL LINE.

QUEBEC TO

Gaspe, Paspébiac, Dalhousie, Miramichi, Shediac and Pictou.

THE POWERFUL FIRST-CLASS
NEW IRON SCREW STEAMER

LADY OF THE HEAD,

W. DAVIDSON, Master.

Will leave ATKINSON'S Wharf,
At four o'clock, P. M., touching at the
above places going and returning.

Rates of Passage and Freight:

	1st class,	2d class,	Freight per bbl
Quebec to Gaspe,	\$12.00	\$4.00	50 cts
do. to Paspébiac,	13.00	5.00	50 "
do. to Dalhousie,	15.00	6.00	50 "
do. to Miramichi,	18.00	7.00	50 "
do. to Shediac,	19.00	7.50	60 "
do. to Pictou,	20.00	8.00	60 "

Same charges from above ports to Quebec.

All baggage at risk of owners thereof.

Berths not secured until paid for at the office. Shippers are requested to have their freight at SIX, A. M., on the wharf, and their entries passed at the Custom House before noon on the day of sailing.

For further particulars apply to

F. BUTEAU, Manager,

Atkinson's Wharf, St. James-st.
Quebec, 1862.

DEXTER'S HOTEL,

ST. JOHN STREET, UPPER TOWN,
QUEBEC.

This old established and well known Hotel, situated in the pleasantest part of Upper Town, is extensively patronized by the Commercial and English Traveller.

This Hotel is generally recommended for its moderate terms and excellent accommodation.

MRS. M. DEXTER,

Proprietress.

ALBION HOTEL,

311, 312, 315 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.

DERGER & Co. Proprietors.

1862.



1862.

THE CANADIAN INLAND
STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S

Royal Mail Through Line!

IN connection with the RICHMOND COMPANY'S STEAMERS form a daily line between Montreal, Prescott, Ogdensburg, Brockville, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and other intermediate ports, connecting at Prescott with Railroad for Ottawa City; at Kingston with Steamers for Bay of Quinte; at Toronto with the steamer Zimmerman, for Niagara Falls, &c.; with Northern Railroad for Collingwood and Western States, and at Hamilton with Great Western R. R. to all points West.

For Tickets and general information apply to the undersigned, at the hotels, or at his office, Napoleon Wharf.

A. R. McDONALD, Agent.

Quebec, 1862.

THE KAKOUNA HOTEL,

BY HUGH O'NEILL,

(LATE OF THE "CLARENDON" QUEBEC.)

Will be opened for the reception of
Travellers and Tourists this day
2nd July 1862.

THE House is thoroughly renovated, and refitted throughout, contains over 100 comfortable and well-furnished Rooms, and will be kept, as regards the table, attendance, and all other appointments, in a style which will ensure to visitors to this pleasant summer resort all the comforts of a first class Hotel.

Parties who prefer it can always obtain private quarters at Kakouna, as there are over 30 Cottages in the neighborhood, where rooms, or suites of rooms, may be secured.

HUGH O'NEILL,

Kakouna, July, 1862.

LAMB'S RESTAURANT,

(Opposite the Post Office.)

QUEBEC.

The only place in Quebec where you can get a glass of Dow's Montreal Ale in good condition. Sandwiches, Tees, &c.

HA! HA! BAY HOTEL.



THE undersigned has the honor to tender his thanks to strangers and the public in general for the liberal encouragement he has received from them since the establishment of his hotel at Ha! Ha! Bay, and, at the same time, he begs leave to announce, that in order to merit a continuance of their patronage, and afford the greatest possible amount of comfort to the numerous tourists who annually visit the picturesque regions of the Saguenay during Summer months, he has made considerable alterations and improvements on his establishment. His table will always be provided with every delicacy of the season. The wines and other liquors will be of the very best quality, and deserving the approbation of *connoisseurs*.

The undersigned will always furnish tourists with the most reliable information on this important part of the country.

For those who desire to visit the magnificent valley of Lake St. John, he will provide the most trustworthy guides, who will also point out those places most desirable for the sportsman and the angler, many of which are in the neighborhood of the hotel.

For those who may wish to visit those celebrated portions of the Saguenay. (*qui sont aussi charmants qu' agreables*) he will provide boats, canoes, waggons, or saddle horses, as may be desired.

His carters (with cards of his hotel, the only establishment of the kind in the place) will attend the arrival of the *Magnel*.

Besides other advantages this, large establishment possesses, there are mineral and salt springs in the neighborhood of great efficacy to parties suffering from *Dyspepsia*.

The undersigned has a splendid house in the neighborhood of his hotel, situated close to bathing quarters, and which he will be happy to let to one or two families for the season on reasonable terms.

JOHN LORD.

Bagotville, }
31st May, 1862. }

ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Near Durham Terrace, Upper Town, QUEBEC.

W. RUSSEL & SON,.....Proprietors.

HOURS OF MEALS.

Breakfast..... 7 to 11 o'clock.
Luncheon12 to 1 "
Dinner 6 o'clock.
Tea..... 8 to 9 "

Tea Dinner in the afternoon for Ladies and Gentlemen who depart by the Steamboats and evening Trains.

SWORD'S HOTEL, (Late the Richelieu), ST. VINCENT STREET, MONTREAL, IS NOW OPEN.

P. SWORD'S & Co.,Proprietors.

THE SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT:

His Grace the DUKE of ROXBURGH.

AT the Septennial Investigation, 31st Dec., 1860, a Bonus of £1 15s. per cent per annum, declared on Capital and PREVIOUS BONUSES. The Bonus now declared also participates in the future profits, and is equal to a bonus of 2 per cent. not so participating." Funds, £811,768 17s. 9d. Annual income, £154,754 12s. 11d.

By the minimum premium table, "as large a sum as possible, is insured for the smallest possible premium."

For tables of rates and general information, apply to the undersigned, Agent for the Society, No. 12 St. Peter Street.

D. A. ROSS,

Advocate.

Quebec, July, 1862.

HA! HA! BAY

AND

L'ANSE A L'EAU HOTELS,

BY JOHN LORD.

FIRST Class Hotels are kept at both places by the proprietor, and the table is provided with the best market produce from Quebec, by Steamer, and the very best Wines and Liquors.

RICHELIEU COMP'Y.

ROYAL MAIL LINE



Between Quebec & Montreal.

Europa, Columbia and Montreal.

ONE of the above splendid fast-sailing steamers will leave MONTREAL for QUEBEC every afternoon at 5 o'clock; and Napoleon Wharf, Quebec, for Montreal, every afternoon at 4 o'clock.

For further particulars apply to, in Montreal, Company's Office; in Quebec, J. B. LAMERE.

Agent.

May, 1862.

ST. LAWRENCE WATERING PLACE.



RIVER DU LOUP, EN BAS.

LAROCHELLE'S HOTEL.

THIS large, handsome, and commodious Hotel is delightfully situated, and in the immediate neighborhood of the Steamboat Wharf and Railway terminus furnished in excellent style with a view at once to the comfort and luxury of those who may patronise it.

Every attention is given to the culinary department, the tables being supplied with every delicacy which the Quebec and River du Loup markets afford. Particular attention is given to the choice of Liquors.

Time passed at River du Loup, may be spent in the uninterrupted enjoyment of Bathing, Fishing, Boating and Riding.

It is the special aim of the undersigned to make his Hotel the sole resort of the Quebec public, and of the strangers from Upper Canada and the United States who annually visit this favourite Watering Place.

EUGENE LAROCHELLE.

River du Loup, June, 1862.

DEDIGHTFUL TRIP
TO THE
LOWER ST. LAWRENCE,
AND THE
RIVER SAGUENAY.

The Canadian Inland Steam Navigation Company's Splendid First Class Iron Steamer,



"MAGNET,"

CAPT. THOS. HOWARD,

Running in connection with the Upper Canada Royal Mail Steamers, and the Steamers of the Richelieu Company will leave the

NAPOLEON WHARF, QUEBEC,

EVERY

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

MORNINGS DURING THE SEASON, AT 8 O'CLOCK, FOR THE

RIVER SAGUENAY,

AND

HA! HA! BAY!

Calling at Murray Bay, River du Loup and Tadoussac.

The *Magnet* is built in Four Water-Tight Compartments, of great strength, and equipped with every possible appliance for safety, and is one of the best sea-boats afloat. She is fitted up with large family State-rooms most comfortably furnished, and in every respect second to none on the Canadian waters.

Return Tickets granted allowing parties ample time to remain at any place on the route for the enjoyment of Sea-bathing, Fishing or Hunting, at REDUCED RATES.

State-rooms secured, and every information obtained on application at the Company's Office—

IN MONTREAL, . . . A. MILLOY.

IN QUEBEC, A. R. McDONALD, *Agent*

June, 1862.

RUSSELL'S HOTEL,

PALACE STREET,

QUEBEC.

HOURS OF MEALS.

Breakfast..... 7 to 11 o'clock.
 Luncheon..... 12 to 1 " "
 Dinner..... 6 o'clock.
 Tea..... 8 to 9 " "

For Dinner in the afternoon for Ladies and Gentlemen who depart by the Steamboats and Evening Trains.

THE

DONEGANA HOTEL,

MONTREAL.

A. St. Julien, } Proprietors.
 M. Keegan, }

L'ANSE A L'EAU HOTEL,

(TADOUSSAC)

IS delightfully situated and comfortably furnished.

There is an abundance of Salmon and Salmon Trout within 200 yards of the Hotel, and there is, also, excellent shooting in the neighborhood.

As a Bathing Station, there is not on the St. Lawrence a more beautifully sheltered Bay than Tadoussac harbor, and the beach is sandy and has a very gradual slope.

JOHN LORD.

PASSENGERS BY THE *MAGNET*,

WILL FIND ME, with my Calèches, at the Wharf on her arrival, and I am at all times ready to take Tourists to CHICOUTIMI, to TERRE ROMPUE, (the residence of the late Peter McLeod's father), to GRANDE BRULE, or to LAKE ST. JOHN, at the shortest notice and at moderate rates.

DESIRE COTÉ,

Mail Contractor.

Ha! Ha! Baie, July, 1862.

COLEMAN'S

MONTREAL HOUSE.

COMMISSIONER'S SQUARE,

MONTREAL.

J. W. COLEMAN.....Proprietor.

THE

OTTAWA HOTEL,

Great St. James St.

MONTREAL.

S. BROWNSON,.....Proprietor

FISHING TACKLE.

EVERYTHING required by SPORTSMEN & ANGLERS, at the store of BELANGER & GARIPPE,

No. 9½ Fabrique St.

Quebec, July, 1862.

BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

*Banque National Block,*ST. JOHN STREET, UPPER TOWN,
QUEBEC.

THE undersigned keeps always in stock a large assortment of Books and Stationery, together with the current Literature of the day, suitable for Steamboat and Railroad travel.

The latest English and American Newspapers and Magazines received regularly per Mail Steamers and Express.

P. SINCLAIR.

MONTMORENCI FACTORY.



EADON, WYATT, & Co.

MANUFACTURERS of Norton's Champion Fanuing Mill, Norton's Horizontal Serew Dash Churn, O'Dells Victoria Washing Machine, O'Dells improved Mangle.

Pails, Shingles, Tubs, Soap Boxes, Cattle Boxes, Tinnet Coolers, &c.

Office.—St. Nicholas Street, Quebec.

WILLIAM WRIGHT,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

GENERAL OUTFITTER

No. 5, ST. JOHN STREET, QUEBEC.

Always on hand a choice selection of Shirts, Collars, Cravats, Braces, Gloves, &c.

English Commercial School,

UPPER TOWN, QUEBEC.

WILL OPEN MONDAY, AUGUST 1st.

HOURS 9 A. M., TO 12 NOON, AND 1.30 P. M., TO 3.30 P. M.

Number of Pupils limited to THIRTY.—No boys will be received who are not able to read and write.

TERMS—Forty Dollars per Annum, payable Quarterly.

IT WILL be the aim of the undersigned to thoroughly Educate the boys sent to his School. As he anticipates that the majority of his scholars will be those intended to follow Mercantile pursuits, he will endeavour to bear that circumstance in mind in the School Room.

He considers that Boys who are to be BUSINESS MEN, ought to be first-rate Arithmeticians, and at least second rate Mathematicians. They should be acquainted with

BOOK-KEEPING,

and the nature of every business transaction. GEOGRAPHY, also, should receive special attention. And, that a business man may feel at home in the society in which he will move when away from his office, he must be, to a greater or less extent, familiar with NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, &c Keeping all this in view, it will be, in addition, the desire of the undersigned to encourage a wholesome competition among his scholars, and to make the hours devoted by them to the acquirement of knowledge, among the happiest of the day.

SAMUEL J. KELSO,

Late of the High School.

JULY, 1862.

