

From Quebec to the Saguenay River and Chicoutimi. 1887.

In ... I had ... with dental societies ... the city of Montreal, Canada, in the later part of July. When I was through at this point my summer vacation was to begin. I was foot-loose. While in Montreal a party was organized to visit the Canyon of Saguenay and Chicoutimi, a very old French settlement in the most out of the way part of Canada approachable by water. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co. had recently placed a line of steamers for summer excursionists on this route and were trying to boom it into a paying run so that the trip through the wild gorges of the Saguenay River could be made with as much comfort as a run down the Mississippi. I decided to join the party and we shipped for Quebec, making this part of the run in the night.

At Quebec we found the regular steamer so filled by a party who had proceeded us that it would be much crowded, and had the good fortune to arrange for a small steamer rigged especially for excursions with dining room and restaurant in the hold, leaving the cabin complete at all times for its passengers, affording ample accommodations for our party of thirty four. The arrangement for the trip was such that every part of the run should be made by daylight, either in going or coming, and that the movements of the boat should be under the control of our guide, Dr. Lovejoy of Montreal, who had a summer cottage at the mouth of the Saguenay river, and was well acquainted with the entire route.

Quebec, in the geological sense, is at the mouth of the St. Lawrence river, for it is here that the river has cut its way through the granite barriers which rose up to shut the waters of the great lakes out from the sea, and by so doing has emptied the

the great basin about and below Montreal. Below Quebec and the Isle of Orleans we have, rather than a great river a broad ~~harbour~~^{arm} of the sea, with magnified tides, and fine groups of islands standing boldly out in granite cliffs, as though the foundations of the earth had been shattered in some far-away-back-time, cleaving far into the great continent. We passed by the Falls of Mount Morency in going out, having decided to make a separate trip by land to see this, and our guide sent the little ship threading its way among the groups of islands near the south shore as far as the stone pillars. This is a most beautiful pleasure jaunt among the finest of island scenery. From here we ran across to the north shore for a view of the cliffs of the Emboulements, which rise directly up out of the sea and sloping back continue up, and up, to a height of 2500 feet. Near this is Murray bay health resort, on a little stream that breaks down from the mountains

through a rugged gulch which widens into a pleasant little valley. Here the Steamer landing is on a ~~crib~~ crib in the bay, and the broad ^{Mud} flats washed daily by 18 feet of tide struck me as an extremely unpleasant feature of the place. But the other natural surrounding of mountain and gulch were picturesquely grand.

From here our little craft shot across again for the south side, twenty miles away, to follow down the line of the pilgrim islands; which raise ^{their} ~~these~~ long huge bytks of granite like great sentinels a hundred and fifty ^{feet} directly up from the bosom of the sea. Here we fell in with our first school of porpoises playing and splashing in the midday sun. We continued on, and skirted ~~on~~ the mainland as far as ^{Summer} the resort of River Du Loup. Here the high but gently rising ^{land} ~~show~~ in hill above hill covered with green fields as far as the eye could reach contrasted strongly.

strongly, and pleasantly, with the great bare rugged granite cliffs of the north shore which we had just left. From here we again laid our course for the north shore, a run of thirty miles, to Cathérine bay and Tadousac* (this was called Mamelous by the Indians) at the mouth of the Saguenay River. This point is 175 miles in direct line from Quebec. On this run we passed the long line of low islands or reefs known as the Hare islands. On arriving at the mouth of the Saguenay river I was surprised to find on the right side of the canon like opening lying in a great notch in the granite cliffs, which here rise four hundred feet above the water a great drift of fine clay sediment standing up in a nearly perpendicular wall to a height of 250 feet, or there about, stratified from bottom to top. The top of this seemed to be as level as a floor back to the great granite wall which towers on above. Where did this sediment come from, or by what power has ^{it} been retained

here when all of the granite cliffs of this side of the river are washed clean of earth. Was it the result of a wash from the great cleft of the granite mountains which formed the Saguenay river. ~~When~~
 When ^{was} the top of this bar, for bar it must of been, at the surface of the sea. What movements of the crust of the earth have lifted it up to its present altitude; for we ~~cannot~~ ^{cannot} here do otherwise than dismiss the idea of a recession of the waters of the sea from other causes than the rise of the land. Then why has not the ~~sea~~ pelting rains that have laid bare the rising granite mountains, aided by the waves of the sea, carried away this great bar of ~~bar~~ ^{earth} that had its formation in some stationary epoch of the great uplift that has formed the granite mountain range,

Here we enter the a canon leading into the heart of the great granite piles, and round up to Tadousac,

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which lies in a little niche in the wall. Here is ^{There} only one building.

^ an old french hotel with a little cataract, formed by a mountain stream, tumbling down beside it. Up yonder on the cliffs 400 feet above are a number of summer cottages where a few families from Montreal


(of whom our guide is one) have their summer residences and on beyond towering up six hundred feet higher ^{in the sand ridges known as Mamelou, the old indian battle ground.} are the Canadian

fish Hatcheries which are supplied with water by the same stream that tumbles down by the hotel. Across the ^y canon nestling on ^a ledge in the cliffs there is a nother hotel, more modern in apperance, and no stranger to the paint brush. Above, and to either side of this, are nestled some half dozen tasteful summer cottages. It is a wild ravine, in which the granite of which it is formed, is riven and splintered in the most fantastic shapes. For the most part the sharp angles have been water worn and rounded but ^here and there great crags and boulders have been

The canyon of Niagra below the falls has been formed mostly by the wearing back of the falls and the washing out of the rock. ~~So~~ Such canyons as the great canyon of the Colorado, which is the greatest in the world, have been formed by the joint action of water and the gradual rise of the land -

wrenched of by storm freeze and thaw and lie in great heaps with all their sharp angled savageness ~~untamed~~ untamed by contact with the sea and flood,

Away to the south and east is the open sea; for here the River St. Lawrence is so wide that from the water level the south shore is no longer seen.

I have ~~said~~ ^{said} we have here entered the mouth of a great ^y canyon, but it is not akin to the ^y canyon of Colorado explored by Major Powell. Nor is it in any sense like the great ^{canyon} ~~one~~ of Niagara below Niagara falls. These, in common with those of which we ~~have~~ read in the far west, have evidently been made by the action of water.  The rivers were ^{there} ~~here~~ before the mountains, and in the slow but steady rise of the crust of the earth, in the formation of these mountains, the rivers cut their way through the rock, channeling their beds ~~deeper~~ deeper and deeper, resulting in these great ^y canons. The evidences of the

rocks, as I saw them from the deck of the steamer
 that evening, and as I saw them all through the next
 day, show ^a plainly that this ^{is} ~~was~~ a great rent- a great
 crack, in the granite crust of the earth which occurred
 at some remote epoch of geological time; evidently ~~was~~
 long before the present altitude had been reached-
 possibly at a time when it was still under ^{the} sea. Away
 up on the cliffs about me, not continually, but here
 and there -I saw shore marks; The height of these
 seemed to accord with the top of the ~~high~~ drift just
 outside the mouth of this uncanny river. The shores
 of the stream-if such it can be called, for it seems
 rather a great gulch filled with sea-water which
 ebbs and flows in average tides of 18 feet -have
 none of that smoothness of outline and curves formed
 by the yielding of ~~the~~ banks to the force of running
 water common to other ^{ye} canons; but are jagged, with
 precipitous points jutting out into the stream; and

there are great cracks and fissures opening out into the granite hills. Square and sharp corners are common. Suddenly the water-way is narrowed by jutting crags, only to be widened as precipitately. Neither channel nor current is found except the current of the ~~the~~ restless tides of the sea. Though the Saguenay drains Lake St. Johns, and a ~~large~~ large area of territory, the gulch is so large that the volume of the river water proper is lost in the ebbing tides; and ^{the} water is salt to, and above, Chicoutimi. 100 miles from the St. Lawrence.

The ^ycañon of the Saguenay is undoubtedly of earthquake origin. The north shore of the lower St. Lawrence is one of the earthquake regions of the world. In 1663 a frightful ~~series~~ ^{series} of convulsions are known to have occurred lasting for more than four months, and it is commonly said that not a year passes that motions of the earth are not felt. The

the above.

mouth of the Saguenay-or [^] Mamelons- was one of the great rendezvous of the Indians long before Jacques ~~C~~ Carter came; and the great mounds above Tadoussac have been the scene ^{of which many traditions are preserved among the red men of the north.} of many great indian battles. These Mamelons, or sand mounds, are supposed to be the old [^] ~~Included the~~ ^{indians say they were the best shores of the sea,} geological beaches of the earliest times. They rise in tiers, or terraces, one above another to a great height, the upper most being more than a thousand feet above the Saguenay.

The gloom of evening was already settling over ⁱⁿ the ~~landscape~~ ^{Canyon} when our party filed away in a zigzag course on the stairways leading up the cliffs to get a view from above, and visit the cottages and sand drifts of mamelons. I did not feel able to make this ~~assent~~ ^{assent}, and sat in armed chair on the deck wrapped in a heavy blanket, one of the ladies had brought me from the state room, watching the deepening gloom ^{in the canyon as} ~~of~~ the shadows of the mountains over to the west were creeping toward the tops of those to the east

of me. We had left Montreal with the mercury 98 in the shade, but now it seemed to me that the weather had become bitter cold. The young men of the party had been playing leap-frog on the deck and going through all kinds of antics to keep off a shiver. The calm night that was coming on promised frost. This last battle occurred long after the missionaries had come -

THE LAST FIGHT AT MAMELONS.

From Murray's version of the tradition of the battle of Mamelons.

The Lena Lenapes were a small tribe of indians west of Lake St. Johns Allies of the Nasquapees and mountainers or indians of the St. Lawrence and assisted them in their battles against the Esquimaux who were pushing up the St. Lawrence. The story is supposed to be told by the only ^{male} survivor of the Lena Lenape tribe.

* That night we slept under truce but when the

sun came up we went at it . I see that morning now. The sun from out the eastern sea rose red as blood. The Nasquapees who lived as *atheists* cared not for this, but the prophet of the mountaineers painted his face black as night, tore his blanket into shreds, and lay on the sands as one dead. The Nasquapes laughed, but we of the mountains knew by that dread sign that our faces looked toward our last battle. We made it a brave doom. We fought till noon on the shifting sands, nor gained an inch, nor did our foes, when suddenly the sun was clouded, and a great wind arose that drove the sand so thickly that it hid the battle. The firing and shouting ceased along the terrace where we fought and a great dread silence fell on those mighty mounds, save when the fierce gusts smote them. Thus living and dead, friend and foe, we lay together our faces plunged in ^{the} coarse gravel, our hands clutching the

rounded stones, that we might breath, and stay till
 the wind might pass. And such a wind as was never
 blown on man before, for it was hot, and came stright
 down from heaven, so that our backs winced as we lay
 flattened. Thus mixed, and mingled, we clung
 to the hot stones, while some crept beneath the dead
 for shelter. So both wars clung to the ground for
 an hours space. Then suddetly the sun shone out
 Then shaking sand from eyes, and hair, and spitting it
 out ^rfrom our mouths, we went at it again. It was ~~safe~~
 an awful fight, *****for whether one lived though
 it or died in it, we made it ^{great} great by fighting. ****
 Never since man was born was fought such a fight
 as we then fought, high up above the sea that day at
 Mamelons ***** It was an old feud betwen the moun-
 tainers and Esquimaux, a feud that held its heat
 for a thousand years, and we, ^{Men} a thousand, on either side,
 one for each year, fought on the sand, while above,

below, and around the dead of a thousand years, slain in the feud, fought too. ***** I hold to an older faith, that men by a knife thrust are not changed, but go, with all their passions with them, to the spirit land, and their build upward on the old foundation. So I say again, that the dead of a thousand years fought in the air above and around us on that day at Mamelons. For in the pauses of the wind, we who fought on either side heard the shrieks, the shouts and trappings as of tenthousand feet, and over us were roarings and bellowings and hollow noises, dreadful to hear, and through all the battle went the word that "the old dead are fighting too". and that made us wild. Both sides went mad. The ~~die~~ dying cheered the living, and the living cheered the dead. So went the battle - the fathers and the sons, the dead and the living, hard at it. The waters of the Saguenay a thousand feet below were beaten into

foam by the rush. If fighting feet and the roaring of a great battle filled its mouth. Its dark tide withered with a death-froth from shore to shore, while ever and anon its surface shivered and shook. And under us on the high crest, cloud wrapped, the earth trembled as we fought, so that more than once as we stood clinched, the foe and I, still gripped for death, would pause until the ground grew steady, for its trenblings made us dizzy, then clinched the fiercer, mad with a great madness at being stopped in such a death grapple. Under us all the long afternoon the great mounds rose and sank like waves that have no base to stand upon. The clouds snowed ashes, mud fell in showers. The air we breathed stank of brimstone and burnt bones. And still it thickened, and still both sides, ^{now} ~~not~~ but a scattered few, fought on, until at last with a crash, as if the world had slit apart, darkness, deep as death, fell suddenly, so that eyes were vain, and we who were

not dead, unable to find foe, stood still. And thus the battle ended even drawn, because God stopped the fight at Mamelons. *****

And the old chief said, "next morning I searched the dreadful field from end to end to find my own; and found them." All were dead, Only he of all the tribe yet lived. Among the slain he found a sword clasped still in death grip in the hand that had ~~it~~ wielded it, and remembered that, in the darkness he had met that sword and it had run him through and made the wound from which, in his old age, he was now ~~dying~~ dying, but was pulled away as the thrust of his own long knife entered the breast of its bearer. Turning up the face to see what manner of man his foe had ~~been~~ been he looked on the features of his own brother.

The next morning the sun rose bright and fair warming up the crisp air, and covering the granite heights with a brilliant glow. ^w Our company was on

~~the day~~

on the decks in the highest state of delight and expectation. The order was given to run at half speed ~~that~~ ample time should be had for everything to be seen. Our little steamer claimed a speed of twenty miles per hour which would take us to Chicoutimi in five hours, while we had fourteen hours of sunlight, and the ingoing tide in our favor. As we went on the precipitous walls grew higher. Here the walls were perpendicular to the top while yonder they sloped away at an angle of forty five degrees or more. In every nook and crevis where the root of an evergreen tree can find a hold cedars and pines cling to the rocky walls, covering the crags with green, shading, and modifying the changing grey tints of the granite peaks. Now the open water way widens ^{to} two miles or more in extent, and over the top of the immediate rocky wall the granite hills beyond appear, white and sparkling in the clear sunlight.

Some one suggests that these are snow capped, and the illusion appears most perfect; but ~~There~~ ^{by their} is no snow, from our position the hills, abruptness, appear of enormous height, we view them from the level of the sea. When snow capped mountains are seen it is usually from considerable elevations, or at great distance. ~~Very~~ Soon we are attracted by cataract after cataract tumbling ^{from} the heights to the water below. They fall in tiny threads, or break up into thin veils, sparkling in the bright sun, for hundeesds of feet, or tumble from ledge to ledge, maybe, to be lost in some crevice - Now the company fall to playing the game of counting who can discover the greatest number of these; and the call ^{of} some new wonder is continually sounding from side to side of the vessel.

At one point ^{The} company notice that the ship is steaming away toward a great wall athwart our course. Look where we will there is no way out but the way

we came, every where ahead and on every side are walls
 of granite from six hundred to a thousand feet high
 over which come veil like or thread like cascades
 leaping and sparkling as they fall in the abyss be-
 low. When we have come close under the wall, ap-
 parantly, a cleft appears to one side with open wa-
 ter beyond, and through this we glide into another
 expanse of the break in the mountain. Unaccustomed
 to the distances presented among forms of landscapes
 so unusual to us, and having no familiar objects
 whatever, ^{with which} to compare ^{the} strange ones, the company make
 the most absurd mistakes as to the size and distance
 of objects. I called attention to the curious mo-
 tion of an object in the water at the foot of a per-
 pendicular rock wall not far away, apparently, direct-
 ly toward which we were going. Some thought it a
 duck and so did I. But what a curious way for such
 a bird to be using its wings? ~~It seemed close but~~

The captain put his glass to his eyes and laughed. It seemed close but we came up to it rather slowly. When we came up to it we found it to be a large row boat with eight or ten people and four oarsmen. The laugh was on me the discoverer of the strange creature; and it was some time afterward before any one attempted to point out a seal, or porpoise, unless it appeared close to the ship. During a ^{part} portion of the route these were plentiful to the delight, and frequent chagrin, of a young marksman with his repeating rifle whose balls so often skipped on the calm tell tale water wide of ~~the~~ ^{the} mark.

Here we came suddenly come upon a nother great drift of sediment in a wide gulch on the right bank the altitude of which is the counterpart of that at the mouth of the river. Through the center of this one the little river ~~the~~ ST. Atanassa- has cut its way to the tide level, making a great gulch through

the drifts back to the granite cliffs beyond. The banks of this slope at a steep angle to the level top of the earth. A little farther up and on the other side is another of these, which the tide has washed partly out forming St. Marguerite's bay, but back in the depths of the gulch that same altitude of earth deposit is again seen lying high up against the rock walls. In this one there are several terraces at irregular intervals, each maintaining a level summit around the the whole extent of the gulch; extending in length from one to two miles. On beyond this we come upon a group of islands. These are mostly jagged rocks jutting out of the water, which seem to have split off as immense boulders, and fallen into the chasm, at the time of rending of the mountain. They are water worn about equally with rocks jutting out from the walls of the chasm. One of these, lower

than the rest has a flat top thickly covered with cedar trees of stunted growth by which our ~~stream~~^{steamer} passed so close, through a narrow channel, that we could almost touch its rocky wall.

Many of these ^{islands} are mere boulders jutting out of the water, while the greatest is not more than three quarters of a mile in its greatest diameter. For the most part however the river is free from rocks; and its waters, while clear as crystal, have an inky blackness denoting great depth. Thus far the ^{Canyon}~~river~~ has been crooked, and ragged, in the extreme; but after ~~spend~~^{spend} above this group of islands it becomes much wider, and almost straight for a long distance, ~~and~~ The rocky walls are less precipitous, sloping away at angle of forty five degrees, or, in places still more. The sides ~~are~~^{are} studded with groups of stunted pines and cedars, ~~trees~~. But continually we come upon great clefts of the rocks, of all kinds and de-

scriptions, and at all angles. In one place in the smooth face of the rock which stood at an angle of something less than forty five degrees from the perpendicular we noted a crack which ran from the water, and no telling how far below, six or eight hundred feet perpendicularly in a straight line, the rock was parted eight or ten feet at the water line, and came together above, as though some immense dynamite blast had lifted the mountain asunder, and it had fallen imperfectly together again. All along here on the otherwise bare rock walls we found lines of green vegetation reaching down from the heights ~~above~~ toward or to the waters edge. These marked the course of trickling streams which afford moisture ~~for~~ for the plants. Again and again these streams drop from crag to snag for a space, in sparkling thread-like forms, and then take their way down the sloping sides fringed with long lines of green moss or ever-green bushes.

We come now to St. John's bay a notable expanse of water leading away into the mountain ^{at} ~~in~~ the right, ~~bank~~. From this the rock walls slope away more gradually, and rise away in hill beyond hill, all granite capped and glistening white in the noon day sun. Again we hear the suggestion of snow and ice on the mountains; but it is only the verdureless granite peaks, weather beaten and white from the storms of the centuries, contrasting strongly with the rich shading of the dark green pines that are here growing upon many of the slopes. It is wild - weird ~~is~~ scene; this landscape of green slopes, of struggling vegetation, rent with crags and waterfalls all over capped, topped, peaked and spired with granite reaching away toward the very sky. It is not so much the immensity of simple high bulk which belittles the imagination and awes one, as in the distant great mountain lifting its solid outline thousands

of feet skyward, but rather the immensity of detail
 the high bulks near at hand, and in pile upon pile,
 all riven, seamed, scored, jagged, and sharp, interming-
 led with the ~~ever struggling green trees~~, ^{great trees struggling for root hold,} mossy
 rivulets, sparkling falls, and with the great sentinel
 like peaks ^{that have been} looking down for untold centuries upon
 all.

From here we get a view of many miles along a
 straight portion of the ^{Canyon} ~~river~~ where the rocky walls
 stand out some two miles apart narrowing away in
 promontory after promontory closing together in the
 distance. As we pass along this, gulch after gulch
 break away through the rock walls to either side giv-
 ing view after view of the granite capped mountains
 rising away in the distance. After passing this
 stretch we come to still greater heights, and ^{perpendicular} ~~the~~
 granite walls again close out the view beyond. At
 a certain point where the rocks are still ~~more abrupt~~

~~is~~ higher with great rifts on either side, jagged and broken, and with vast promontories in front and rear, forming a granite walled basin a thousand feet deep the wheel is stopped in mid stream, and the vessel floats ^oniseless, and also motionless on the calm dark water. Suddenly the whistle sounds a long shrill note. For an instant all was still. But just as movement was beginning among the party to find out the meaning of this stop, the note was echoed back, clear and shrill, from the nearest rocky wall. Immediately it was answered from the other side. Before this had fully ceased again came the tongues from crag and peak, reverberating from wall to wall, and leaping from promontory to promontory, up and down the great canyon, until each towering rocky face hurled back in menacing tones this insult to the calm stillness of nature's wild temple. On, and on it went, in a wild murmur, up and down, repeating

back and forth from peak to peak, as from a thousand tongues, still repeating and diminishing until it seemed a plaintive cry in undertones from every rock and crag in all that galaxy of heavy time worn granite cliffs.

Finally all is still, yes still, For not a word was uttered . Again the whistle sounded three short powerful notes in quick succession. The distance was such that for an instance all was still. Then they were hurled back from the nearest rocky wall as they were sent, ^{longer & away more} only, like the booming of great guns, answered in the same tones from the other side. This was now repeated from each rock, peak, and crag, in one wild prolonged murmur. On and on it went echoing up and down, from side to side, diminishing into wild sobbing tones, as if in supplication. Peak and crag beseeching peak and crag, up and down, across, and across, the granite walled abyss the wild sobbing cadence is repeating, beseeching and dying.

Then comes a splash. The engines are again in motion and we move on out of this vast amphitheater of tongueless stones that boom and speak, and sob and wail.

As we go forward the rocky walls are less broken and rise still higher, streaked here and there by long lines of green verdure or moss from the top down to the waters edge making the course of trickling streams. We are now ~~told that we are~~ nearing the greatest ~~and~~ heights of perpendicular rock and ~~the~~ greatest wonder of the voyage. Eternity Bay. Finally the boat is turned into a great rent in the right bank where the mountain is riven from foundation to ~~the very~~ summit. This opening is in the form of a huge letter V with its open end some half mile wide on the river front and extends back into the mountain wall a mile or more ending in a narrow defile down which a cascade leaps in a succession of plunges. The

walls on the left are eighteen hundred and on the right more than two thousand feet high. The right hand wall, Cape Eternity, slightly overhangs the perpendicular while the left - cape Trinity, is nearly but not quite perpendicular and slopes down at the point about one third its height. In many places it has ledges on which evergreen trees are growing which seem to stand up almost against the stone wall. The ~~upper~~ ^{right hand} wall is entirely bare and for the most part a plain surface of granite, but here and there it is splintered in the most fantastic forms. As we go in between and come close under these towering walls the dizzy heights make one feel his own littleness. The sunlight fell full upon the ~~upper~~ ^{right-hand} wall while the ~~lower~~ ^{left} was in the shadow. Almost immediately all eyes were riveted on "the lodged stone!" The steamer stopped almost under it and many were in terror lest it should fall, until assured it had been thus from time immemorial. This immense detached stone is about the center of the

length of the face of the cliff. Its base rests by one corner on a ledge about half way up, and its top reaches to the ~~very~~ top of the granite pile. The lower end of the stone is ~~very~~ nearly a parallelogram of perhaps 75 by 100 feet and it ^{is} from 700 to 900 feet long tapering slightly toward the top. The right hand corner seems to be twisted out from the bed from which it is split so that fully three fourths of its area stands out over the ledge on which it rests by its inner left hand corner, and leans out ~~out~~ over the abyss below, and ^a little to the right with its top lodged against a projecting crag. I studied this stone closely, and for the life of me I could see no reason why it should not tumble from its resting place. Look at it any way I would and its center gravity seemed to be far out over the ledge on which it stood and its hold on the crag above seemed utterly insufficient. Still it stands

in its precarious position, and has stood so for the last two hundred years, certainly, and perhaps for many centuries.

As if to put an end to the fears of the great "lodged stone" falling a few turns of the ~~whole~~^{wheel} sent the boat out near the middle of the chasm. At this point the bell was rung furiously. In an instant every point and nook of the immense chasm was alive with the ringing of the bells. Every wall, every point of the walls, every crag and crevice, rang out in one joyous harmonious clang. The sound came from the top, from the bottom, from the water beneath; clang answering to clang, louder and stronger, commingling more and more as they increased in number, until the whole chasm was filled with the sound to such an extent that no one ~~distinct~~^{distinct} clang could be heard. The bell had ceased to swing, no one knew when but one long continuous ring came from all sides at once!

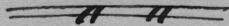
Slowly this became weaker and weaker, fainter and fainter, and seemed to come from farther away, seemed to be coming out from the depths of the granite walls in undertones then from the depths of the solid mountains in whispers, ringing and whispering until all ears were strained to catch the last dying note.

When all was still the whistle sent forth one long drawn scream. At once the whole chasm was rent with one long drawn deafening demoniac yell which came from all points together. There was no recognition of an echo from any point but it came from all directions at once, ~~and was~~ ⁱⁿ such a wild and unearthly scream that it sent ones fingers involuntarily into ~~the~~ ^{his} ears. As this was dying away back came the tones from the rocks beyond the river in a long roll of subdued tones waking again the reverberations of the chasm. ~~still~~ The effect of the whistle in this narrow confined space was wild and

unpleasant in the extreme, contrasting ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ indescribable harshness with the musical clang of the echoes of the bell.

We lingered here for some time and the whole company seemed to have kept silence, ~~but~~ ^{if seen} ~~the scene~~ failed to impress me as some other parts of the gorge. ^{The} The cliffs were higher and the awful force that had rent the mountains seemed to be nearer to us. And yet the necessarily nearer position of the observer seemed to rob of it of much of the grandeur seen elsewhere in gorges of less height. There is huge bulk but not great distance. Still the name Etenity Bay is well bestowed. After a time the members of the party began talking to the rocks and soon the chasm was filled with merry tricks of ^{voices.} ~~water~~ Each challenge was repeated over and over again before it died away. A fine solo was sung by one of the ladies, and the clear soprano voice came ringing

back from various directions, the tones commingling for the most part musically but occasionally producing the most ludicrous discordant effects. Finally several voices joined in a part song. The echoes coming in behind the voices continually, and in different time ^{from} ~~to~~ different quarters) became ludicrous in the extreme. ~~and~~ The singers broke into a hearty laugh. In a moment the whole chasm was in a wild uproar of merriment, every body on the boat laughed. Every rock crag, and peak was wild with laughter.



There is an old tradition of a terrible fire which swept over all the ^eregion between ~~the~~ lake St. John and the St. Lawrence river, which is said to have run 150 miles in 7 hours sweeping everything before it. It is said to have destroyed ~~completely~~ the entire forest of the region, and very few animals, or birds escaped its fury. These few were those that had gathered about the greater rivers, or lakes, on account

of the great drouth, and heat, that had parched the earth and vegetaion, to such an extent as to make the fire possible. Many bands of indians were completely destroyed in this fire, though the tradition says large numbers had already collected on the lakes on account of the ~~great~~ scarcity of water.

It was in this fire that the tradition of Norton's leap into Eternity bay is usually placed. The tradition has it that John Norton was to be married to the last princess in the line of the Lena Lenape indians; the tribe being ~~extant~~ ^{extinct} save this one girl.

The girl had been educated in France and was a rare indian beauty. They were on their way, with one servant, to momelons to be married in accord with the rights of the ~~Romish~~ ^{Romish} Church by a priest who was then stationed there. They had made the journey safely to within a short distance of Eternity bay, and Norton and his indian servant had already

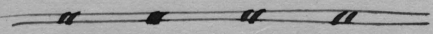
transferred their goods to canoes in the bay. But the young princes said she would cross the mountain ~~toward~~ ^{toward} Mamelons, the scene of the old conflicts of her race, and to be the place of the marriage, with the morning sun in her face. They stopped near the crest of the ridge, had their evening meal, made beds of boughs, and slept, after a merry evening of song and stories. But the old Indian servant, (who had been a chief in one of the northern tribes, but had been taken in battle and mutilated by his enemies—his tongue cut out—and rescued in the last extremity by Norton) sat still looking into vacancy. Finally he put his ear to the ground frequently and became restless. He made signs to Norton, after the girl slept, saying that dead men were running past and warning them to hasten down to the water—some great danger was threatening them. At this Norton laughed and recalled the fact that they were camping on the

same spot where the old indian had been put to torture years ago, and said that was what made him nervous. The old indian turned his face ~~away~~ toward the river, and went out into the darkness of night. Morton composed himself to sleep.

In the night he awoke with a start, and found a solid sheet of fire approaching them from the north. Hastily awakening the princess they ran together over the ridge and down the trail toward Eternity Bay. But the fire was too fast for them, and as they ran down the gorge they found it filled with smoke which so blinded them that the girl fell against ~~the~~ ^a rock, and was too badly hurt to rise. Norton took her up and ran back to high ground and circled away to the top of Cape Trinity where he knew ~~that~~ there were but few trees to burn. But the fire followed him as he ran, his clothes caught fire, his ^{hair} burned to the roots, but on he ran to the top of the cape, and

finding no safety from the unrelenting heat - he
ran

over it to the brink where it was sheer down twelve
hundred feet to the water. Never halting he leaped
into the air with the girl in his arms. The old
indian who was in the bay below saw his race for
life, and his desperate leap, and paddled quickly to
the spot, took them to shore where they partially re-
vived, and after a few days Norton was well again, but
the girl lingered. They went on to Mamelons at her
request, and the Holy Father began to repeat the
marriage ceremony of the church but she died before
it was completed. Thus ended the race of the
Lena Lenapes.



Rounding out into the river again we went slow-
ly on our way and directly came upon the grand Cathedral
Many who tell the story of Norton's leap say it was from this rock
ral. This is a bold cliff jutting out into the water
presenting a smooth ^{perpendicular} ~~perpendicular~~ face a thousand
(1100)
feet high of the form and proportions of a great ~~ch~~
church front, with steep gabled roof and without spars

Upon the pinnacle of this, some devout priest has erected a colossal figure of the virgin. Thus far we had seen no sign of civilization, nor the work of man since entering the great gorge. And now I can not say that this figure, appropriate though it may be, effected me at all pleasantly. My first thought was of a lost people that my fancy pictured as inhabiting this region in a past geological age when perhaps green fields and pleasant flowing streams of sweet water occupied the site of these huge granite piles, riven and shattered by some terrible earthquake of past time. Was this figure a memento lodged here- a weeping waif with drooped head, from the long ages past pointing back, ever back, along the annals of the untold centuries telling of calamities suffered, of death and destruction?

From here we went on more rapidly. The greater heights of the gorge were passed. Gradually the

cliffs became lower and less abrupt, sloping away more
^{and} from the water, [^] in many places ~~was~~ covered with small
 pines and cedars. And yet the scene was grand, but
 with more of the grandeur of ordinary mountains. It
 had in it more of cheerfulness. It seemed more
 fit for man. Still there was no resting place for
 his foot. No landing place had been seen. Not a
 level spot, no sign of a beach. In deed this portion
^{Canyon} of the ~~scene~~ would be wild and inhospitable in the
 extreme if we had not just passed scenes ^{so} [^] indescribably
 wilder.

Now we pass a great opening to our left which
 leads away to Ha Ha Bay. From here on the heights
 decline rapidly - we have passed through, not over,
 the mountains, and have arrived at the foot ^{hills} [^] on the
 other side. In a little valley where another stream
 enters is nestled the old village of Chicoutimi - a
^{more than} french settlement, [^] 200 years old. The sight of this

with its indescribably old cobble stone houses with
 turn up french roofs recalls my vision of a lost
 people, ~~and~~ I involuntarily think of them as a remnant
 from some by gone age. ~~—~~ The general appearance of
 the village seems almost to justify the illusion.
 For two hundred years they have been separated from
 the rest of mankind by the peculiarities of their
 position. What trade they have had with the
 outer world has, I was told, been carried on with
 their own rowboats through this canyon, ^{until} within a few
 years. At this point we were unfortunate as
 to time. The tide was running out, and at low tide
 the water would not float our boat. It was already
 sunset. In half an hour we started back to enter
 Ha Ha Bay.

The next morning we were at the village of Al-
 phonse. Here, there is plenty of water at low
 tide. We spent the day hereabouts strolling in
 small parties. There is a little old stone church

with stained glass windows and fifteen or twenty little stone houses clustered about. A little apart there is a cluster of cottages of recent construction which show that the Resorter is already here. ~~==~~ We are tempted to question whether there is any place on the northern confines of civilization when this ubiquitous summer dweller is not. This strange animal seems to be a seeker of wild pleasant spots where there is some native to furnish him grub. The landscape is a pleasant one. The mountains are subdued into high rolling hills, and many of the less rugged of these are covered with green fields. Here and there in all the landscape the bare granite rocks are jutting out, but the green hillside prevails. Several valleys converge to the broad head of the bay with bright streams of the clearest of cold ^{wa}ter rippling over stony beds suggesting trout uncaught. Here ~~and~~ there are little

houses nestling about the hillsides. It is a pretty and peaceful picture after the wild scenes of yesterday.

This community, including the villages of Chicoutimi, Alphonse, and St. Alexis numbers about 1500 people. Only the Catholic religion is known among them. They are a pastoral people. Their dairies are their pride, and their principal products for shipment has been butter and cheese, principally the latter. Pasturage is good during summer and hay grows well, as does peas, and beans; and these are the principal feed for their stock in winter. Wheat rye, barley, and oats, are grown, but not largely. They also raise a good variety of vegetables, such as potatoes, beets, turnips, parsnips, pumpkins, squashes &c.

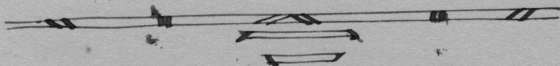
The climate is rigorous. The winters are long and cold. The summers are represented as delight-

ful, the temperature never rising very high and the nights always cool.

Our party strolled about in groups, I, with a few others obtained a vehicle, a rude wagon with extemporized seats and a small pony. One of our number, a Boston man, spoke french; but found the lingo of the natives too much for him. However we got on after a fashion, and visited St. Alexis, and the principal dairy, which we found clean and neat as the most fastidious house-wife could wish. It is a low rambling stone and wooden building, evidently built from time to time, covering over a part of a little river of clear cold water which comes down from the hills over a rocky bed. Here we had new milk, butter and bread that was good. During our ramble we passed many streams coming into the bay bright and sparkling over the stones that temptingly suggested ~~trout uncaught~~, ^{the rod and line,} examined the growing crops and withal had a most enjoyable day.

Toward evening we were called together by prolonged whistles from the steamer and reluctantly started on our return in time to see Ha Ha bay by daylight.

All were sorry to go back through the great canyon by night, but we had spent the time appointed, and many of the party could not give it still another day without seriously deranging other engagements.



QUEBEC AND THE FALLS OF MOUNT MORENCY.

We arrived at Quebec in early morning and our party immediately separated, some going to their homes, or to visit other scenes. About twenty remained together, and at once procured carriages to take a view of the city and the falls of Mount Morency.

After a drive through the principal streets and visiting a number of the principal buildings, churches, and the old fort, well fitted for service in times of everlasting peace, we took the road which lead to the falls. We found the drive a pleasant one over the hills and across vallies rich with green fields and the quaint homes of the french inhabitants. These are gathered in village like groups by the way side for the most part, but with occasional farm houses standing alone. Among the latter there are a few that are especially pic-

turesque. The drive skitts the river at a little distance back on the hills for the ^{greater} ~~greater~~ part of the way and fine views open now and then of the islands on the river and the farther shore. Before reaching the little old hotel at the falls we cross the Morency river on a new bridge some distance above the falls, and have an opportunity to note the appearance of the river above. It is not a large stream, at ordinary stage of water only from forty to sixty feet wide but comes tumbling down between the hills in rapids, through a little chasm of no great depth fringed with evergreen trees, which almost hide it from view except from the bridge itself. The river is subject to flood and drought and in the late autumn there is often but little water. The old bridge which was close to the falls was washed away in a flood some years ago.

The little old ~~hotel~~ where we leave the carriages and obtain tickets, which admit us to the falls for ten cents each, is not very inviting though Royalty once dwelt there. From here we go on foot and pass a guard at a little gate across the ~~gate~~ road and are admitted to a high rolling grass covered lawn fringed on the right by a thicket in which we detect a great gulch opening down toward the rumbling sound of the falls. Skirting this the path leads away down a slope from which we obtain a most beautiful view of the river, the Isle of Orleans opposite and the farther shore. At this point we are between four and five hundred feet above the river. For something like a quarter of a mile we go down an incline with the wood on our right shutting out all view of the falls, and seem to be going down to the river bank. A sudden turn of the path takes us

into the bushes and almost immediately the whole extent of the falls comes into view- we are standing just a little higher than the top of the falls and almost directly in front of the face of the falling sheet of water. It is a magnificent sheet of water falling in an unbroken column 251 feet at a single plunge into a small basin below, which from ^here is hidden from view by the clouds of mists that are rolling up in billowy circles from the abyss. But as we stand every now and ^hen the circling currents of air catch these mists and hurl them away to one side disclosing ^{views} fitfull the whole extent of this great leap, and the foaming eddies of water below. The width of this fall varies much with the stage of the river. When I saw it the river was said to be in good stage, for ^his season, and the falling sheet was about sixty feet wide with some small separate streams on either side. A stairway

leads down to the water with frequent little covered resting places with seats. The whole fall is in view from every part of it. Down ~~for~~ this we went from station to station each member of the company forgetting all the rest and scattering from bottom to top. At least that was the condition of things I discovered when I started to climb back up the long flight of steps.

At the bottom of the stairway there is a kind of beach, wet and slippery however, on which one, who does not fear a drenching in the circling mists, may approach close to the foot of the falling column without risk.

The climb up the stair way three hundred feet or more is exceedingly tedious, in extent of time, for one wants to rest and take another long look at each resting station. In many respects this ^{is} among the finest falls on the continent. One important item

in its favor is that it is seen so perfectly at a single view and is so easy of access. It falls almost into the St. Lawrence river its canyon cut back into the granite ^{being only a quarter} of a mile long. The scenery about the falls, while rugged is not rough. The river's views are splendid rather than grand.

We are called back again to our carriage and after a jolly ride to the old city we have a supper together and then ship for a night run to Montreal. ~~The~~ ^{By} the next morning I took my way alone up the St. Lawrence river dividing my time between the study of its rapids and geological features and writing of the scenes of the Saguenay.

~~It was a gift to us,~~

~~To see our site as it then was~~

fra

~~It was from my a blunder precious~~

~~and fashion motion.~~